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PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

"PIONEER"
Cigarettes.

3d.
per packet.

RICHMOND
CAVENDISH Co. Ltd.,
LIVERPOOL.

No. 1]

Published at
100, BATH.

WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 3, 1901.

Entered at
Stationers' Hall.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

REFRESHING—NOURISHING—SUSTAINING

Cadbury's

Cocoa

ENTIRELY FREE FROM ALL ADMIXTURES
SUCH AS KOLA, MALT, HOPS, &c.

THE LANCET (May 27th, 1899) says: "The state-
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be controverted in view of the results of analysis which, in our
hands, this excellent article of food has yielded."

Insist on having CADBURY'S (sold only in packets and tins), as other cocoas are
sometimes substituted for the sake of extra profit.

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• Exquisite Flavor •
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GALLAHER'S

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KAPUTINE The Safe Remedy for **HEADACHE**

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When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing—
"The Praises of Bird's Custard Powder
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CUSTARD

BIRD'S Custard is pure, creamlike, nutritive, and easily digested,
therefore is eminently suitable for invalids. It is a wholesome, delicious
article of diet, for universal consumption. Eggs often disagree;
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The unfailing resource of every Lady of
the House and successful Housekeeper.

POWDER

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle his or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £2,000 Railway Insurance, and the £100 Cycling Insurance, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.

Signature
Available from 5 p.m., Thursday, Sept. 26th, 1901, until midnight, Friday, Oct. 4th, 1901. For full particulars see page 205.

No. 585.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK STALLS.

WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 3, 1901

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[ONE PENNY.]

THE 1901 SMALL BOY.

THE incident recorded below happened recently just after a cricket match between two village school elevens. Schoolmaster (meeting Tommie, who has been one of the players): "Well, Tommie, I hear you have been bowling very grandly!"

Tommie: "Yes, sir, I found the spot, but" (in an undertone) "have you got a light, sir?"

Schoolmaster: "Got a light? What do you want a light for?"

Tommie (showing a piece of cigarette): "I want to smoke this, sir."

Schoolmaster (sternly): "No, certainly not! I do not encourage boys to smoke."

Tommie: "Perhaps not, sir, but you would want a smoke if you had bowled four wickets in four balls."

The schoolmaster passed on in deep reflection.

WHEN FRENCHMEN WERE GERMANS.

THE name of France is derived from the Franci, or Franks, a people of Germany, who seized that part of the country nearest the Rhine and settled there. Later on, they subdued Paris and made that the royal seat of their increasing Empire.

The origin of other geographical names is interesting and will serve to enlighten us when we read of, for instance, Hibernia for Ireland. Hibernia is said to be derived from a Phœnician word meaning "farthest habitation," there being no country known to them west of Erin.

Portugal obtained its name from Porto, the haven or port where the Gauls landed their stores. This is Oporto, called by the Portuguese O Porto (the port). The town was given as a dowry to Teresa when she married Henry de Lorraine, who styled himself Earl of Portugal, because the place was known as the *portus Gallorum*, the Port of the Gauls. The name was finally extended to the whole country.

Russia took its denomination from the Rossi or Russi, a people of the south of Russia, who possessed themselves of the country in the declining days of the Greek Empire. Being the predominant inhabitants, they imposed their name on all the rest. We see this same thing being done by the Russians at the present day.

HOSTESS: "And I suppose you went up the Rhine." Mrs. Newwealth (who has been bothering them with her travelling experiences): "Oh, indeed, yes, and many other mountains."

HOW TO LOOK AFTER YOUR GOLDFISH.

It is remarkable how seldom people are able to keep goldfish more than a month, and all because they neglect a few first principles. Goldfish can be kept almost any length of time, accidents apart, if kept scrupulously clean.

The air in the water is soon exhausted, and they should have fresh water every day. If possible, oftener in summer, though once will do if the globe is fairly large. One can usually tell when the fish require fresh water. They stand up on their tails with their mouths to the surface of the water and move slowly in that position, generally making a bubbling sound.

When you put the fresh water into the globe let it dash in from a height, so that plenty of air gets in, too, and let your fish have a handful of shells or small stones.

People frequently make the mistake of thinking the fish get enough food out of the water. That is not so; they need feeding when in captivity. Packets of fishes' food chiefly consisting of dried ants' eggs, can be procured from any seed or naturalist's shop.

It is said that goldfish should never be handled. This is no doubt true, if they are kept for breeding purposes. Otherwise, it does them no harm—if due care is exercised—and you may pick them up one by one in your hand and pop them into their globe of fresh water.

Never buy a fish unless the fins are erect and fully spread. Directly the fish is out of health the fins close more and more until it dies, when they are quite shut up against the body.

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A MOTHER'S LOVE.

When a boy is far away from home,
What pleases him the most
Is when a letter comes to him
From mother thro' the post!
No matter if the silver hairs
Appear upon his head,
He's still his mother's boy as when
His hair was carrot red!

Tho' thirty years have left their marks
And seared his careworn face,
In mother's eyes he's yet a lad
Without Time's tell-tale trace.
Her letter thus begins: "Dear boy,"
It sets his heart athrill
To think that mother knows him as
A little shaver still!

A mother's love is as a charm,
The Sesame of youth!
One feels that age has naught to do
With Love or Life or Truth,
Where'er he gets a letter from
His mother far away,
Who sees naught but the guileless child
Behind the man grown grey.

UGLY CUSTOMER: "What price did you say this gown was?"

Pretty Milliner: "Twenty guineas, madam."

Ugly Customer (after a pause): "Don't you think it rather a dreadful figure?"

Pretty Milliner: "Well, madam, since you say so, it is not the best I have seen, but I think you'll find the gown will hide it!"

MRS. GABBLE: "How many little brothers have you, Willie?"

Willie: "One, but my sister Marie has two."

Mrs. Gabble: "Why, how do you make that?"

Willie: "Me and my brother."

HAVE YOUR "PHOTOGRAM" TAKEN.

If we talk of a "telegram," why shouldn't we say "photogram" too? The word "photograph" is totally incorrect—so declare the purists. "Photogram" is the verb; "photogram" the result produced.

A big advertisement in Liverpool bears the word "photogram," and it is always used in one of the technical photographic journals.

But if you went into a shop in the Strand and asked the dealer for a photogram of Lord Roberts or Ellen Terry he probably wouldn't know what you meant. He would think it was some new-fangled process which he hadn't come across yet.

As a matter of fact, the correctness of "photogram" over "photograph" is not quite so self-evident as its supporters think. We never, for example, talk about a "paragram," though in editorial parlance there is a verb "to paragram."

It is interesting to note that "telegram" is really quite a recent word. People spoke of a "telegraphic dispatch" or even of a "telegraph" when they referred to the little red envelope and its contents. It was Mr. E. P. Smith, a grandfather of Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, who first introduced the word "telegram." It appeared in THE TIMES in 1861, and at once caught on with the great B. P.

MAMMA: "Remember, my son, that activity sharpens the faculties."

Willie: "Is that what makes the busy bee so sharp at one end, mamma?"

"Do you see that prosperous-looking fellow over there?"

"Yes."

"Well, for twenty years that chap has taken his living out of the very mouths of other people."

"How's that?"

"He's a dentist."

IS YOUR PHOTO IN "SHORT STORIES"?

SHORT STORIES will contain each week the photographs of five people unknown to us. Some of them have been begged, some borrowed, some bought.

In what manner they have been begged, borrowed, or bought does not matter. We need only say that at this moment the office of SHORT STORIES contains thousands and thousands of photos, gathered from all over the Kingdom. Very likely yours is amongst them.

If so, and it is printed, and you don't write and tell the Editor so within a week of its appearing,

YOU HAVE LOST £5.

If you think he has not got a photo of yours, send one in to him with your address written on the back and a stamped envelope for its return. He may or may not use it. He will not tell you that. You must tell him, and if you tell him right YOU GET £5.

Get SHORT STORIES on Tuesday next, for fuller particulars.

ASK ALL YOUR FRIENDS:

Is your Photo in SHORT STORIES?

STRIKING A LIGHT WITH A POPGUN.

MATCHES are not much used in the East, for the reason that the natives have no great need of them. The inhabitants of the countries bordering India, for instance, well understand how to make a fire in an easy manner by means of machines and contrivances besides which our own old-fashioned tinder-box is a miserable device.

A medical official of high rank in the Indian Army tells of one of these machines. A note was brought to him by a Burmese messenger, and the British official observed something resembling a boy's popgun hanging by his side; curiosity prompted him to ask the native what it was, and he was surprised to find that it was a machine for making fire.

The native exhibited the apparatus and explained the working, concluding with a practical demonstration. It was a tube, closed at one end and fitted with a piston; at the end of the piston was a groove or cavity, smeared with wax which was used for making thread or inflammable material adhere to it. The tinder, to keep to the old name, is pressed on the wax when a light is required and is not kept there always.

Placing the wisp of cotton on the wax, the native inserted the tightly-fitting piston in the tube, then forced it along the latter by giving it a sharp blow. On withdrawing the piston, the cotton was found to be alight, having been ignited by the concussion with the compressed air.

FISH SKINS IN BEER.

WHAT does the fishmonger do with the skins that he so deftly slips off the fish displayed by him for sale? At one time they were all looked upon as things of no value, but this is no longer the case with the skins of the sole and skate, which are now commercial commodities.

Men are sent round to the shops with instructions to buy these skins, but not those of any other fish. The collected skins are taken to outlying districts, where women, working in fields or in open sheds, tack them to boards. The skins are thus exposed to the sun by day and hung up in the sheds by night, until they are dry.

In this condition they are again sold, often to brewers, to serve as the raw material for "finings." They are boiled down, just as they would be for glue-making, and after the boiling process a chemical is added to keep the mass in a fluid condition. This is the fining for ale, which is unpalatable to most people as it comes from the brewery, and it is added in the legal proportion of nine pints to thirty-six gallons.

SHORT STORY



THE CHIEF OF THE ENGLISH.

A Tale of War Time in India.

"You want to know how it is I don't boast so much as I used to?" said the old soldier quietly. "No, of course, you don't put it like that, but that is about what it amounts to. You ask why I don't recount my adventures as I did in younger days. Well, of course you knew me when I was quite young, and I'm sorry to say I was rather fond of boasting, then. I'll tell you one more story, anyhow, about the way I was cured of talking so much of my own exploits. I'm not much of a story teller, and you may, perhaps, guess what's coming before I get through, but you'll forgive that."

"I was a young lieutenant in India at the time. We were stationed pretty far north towards the border, and although there had been nothing serious in the way of fighting to do for some time, we'd had one or two little brushes with discontented tribes, which had served to season us and make us feel ready for anything. There was not much English society there, I can tell you, but between ourselves we managed to pass the time fairly pleasantly and have a few nice little dinner parties and so on. Then, just when we least expected it, we had news that a serious trouble was brewing, and that in a few weeks we might have more fighting than we wanted."

"It was rumoured that a certain native chief had gained an enormous influence with some of the hill tribes, and that he intended to make it hot for the English as soon as his position was strong enough. It was even said that he meant to sweep us all out of the district, but we, of course, laughed at that."

"Soon after the news first reached us we were considerably reinforced by both officers and men, and with the newcomers was a certain Major Bamford, who, according to report, was to command an expedition to suppress the border rising."

"A month passed by, during which our position was strengthened, and preparation was made for active work later on; but nothing more was heard of the rising, and we grew rather sceptical about it. The officers still had their dinner parties, and we had an opportunity of studying Major Bamford. We young ones did not think much of him. While we engaged in wild talk and recounted our experiences he was quite silent. All the other officers seemed to have had adventures, but he appeared to have none; and so we youngsters set him down as no good."

"It is the same old tale," said Dick Wilkins, "when there's any real work to do in India they always send up a man who knows nothing about it, while the fellows who have had real experience and really understand the case have to understand simply that they must obey his instructions."

"Dick Wilkins had fought in one engagement with some brigands, and so he felt that he was a veteran. I expressed the opinion that Major Bamford was better as a figurehead than anything else. He was a big and very strongly built man, and his face indicated great determination, and I was reasonable enough to admit that he looked all right, but I didn't think he had had much experience."

"A few days after this I had a quarrel with him. I was not in a position to quarrel with a major, but I did it for all that. It was at a dinner party, when some of the young officers urged me to tell some of my adventures. They looked up to me a good deal as I had a reputation as a swordsman and had fought several duels when I had been in France; but no doubt you remember that. I wish I could forget it. Well, I had taken a good deal of wine, and so I was equal to the task and no doubt exaggerated a bit."

"I told them how I had deceived a Frenchman into thinking that I was nothing of a fencer, and inveigled him into a duel and then pinked him. 'I played with him for some time,' I said, getting more inflamed with wine and less reliable in utterance, 'and it was amusing to see how scared he became when he found all his thrusts parried with the greatest ease. Then when I was tired I just pinked his arm and ended the affair. It didn't hurt him much, of course, but it taught him a lesson.'"

"I stopped speaking and looked severely at Major Bamford, who I thought was regarding me with a look of contempt."

"Come, Major," said I, "have you no adventures to tell us about?"

"I'm glad to say I have had no adventures of that kind," said the Major slowly.

"And why glad?" I demanded. "Do you mean to insinuate that there is anything discreditable in what I have done?"

"I consider that it is both wrong and cowardly to court a duel simply because of a conscious superiority over the opponent," said Major Bamford.

"I suddenly rose to my feet and said: 'Do you call me a coward, sir?'"

"I applied the term to any man who would court duelling to show his superiority as a swordsman. If you have done that I still cannot withdraw the expression."

"Very well, sir," said I. "I am quite aware of our difference in rank, Major Bamford, and I am aware that you can insult me and still escape punishment, but you are a coward if you refuse me satisfaction for this. And I marched out of the room."

"I don't know what might have been the result of such an affair with other officers, but as it was the thing passed over. Major Bamford utterly ignored the incident, and I was advised not to mention it again. It was pretty freely talked about, however, and by chance I overheard the remarks of two of the older officers."

"I half thought that the Major would accept the challenge," said one.

"No, not likely," replied the other, "we don't want any duelling. We may have enough fighting without that."

"Of course," said the first, "if it had come to a serious fight with swords it would have been more like a murder than a duel."

"Yes, by George," said the other, "we who know him are not anxious to face him."

"He's the best swordsman in India," said the first speaker, "and I question whether his equal is to be found anywhere."

"I did not catch quite all the conversation, but I felt very much flattered by what I heard. These officers did know me, and I now had their assurance that they were not anxious to face me. Still, even I should have hardly claimed to be the best swordsman in India, and it was pleasing to hear such an opinion from two such judges."

"Now, of course, you know what a fool I was. You have doubtless heard of Major Bamford, and will guess at once that he was the one they referred to. I was so conceited that no such thought occurred to me, and I thought they were simply calling to mind my performances."

"Only a few days after this we had more news regarding the hill rising. It appeared that the petty chief who was giving trouble called himself Ayoo Khan—I think that is how it is pronounced—and according to report he was a wonderful fellow. A giant in strength, a demon of a fighter, and a clever general too. Major Bamford, it transpired, knew something of him, and expressed the opinion that the rising was purely a one man affair and that if Ayoo could be slain or captured it would come to an end. There was not much chance of this, however, as the chief would no doubt keep with his men, and I was impatient for a definite advance in force to be made against him. There were affairs going on, however, of which I knew nothing. There were some spies working for us, and our general was waiting to have their report before taking action."

"The report came at last that a minor chief with a small force was proceeding towards one of our forts farther up the river, while Ayoo himself was coming in our direction. At the same time came news that the lieutenant who had commanded the little fortress now in danger had been taken ill, and it was necessary for an officer to be sent to take his place. To my huge delight, I was chosen, and, with a few men to reinforce the garrison, I set off up the river, not knowing whether I might not have to fight my way through. We reached the fort in time; but only just in time, and I at once set about making it fit to stand a siege. My instructions were to remain on the defensive, ascertain by my native spies the position of the enemy, and send word down the river to Major Bamford, who would very shortly be on the move."

"It was easy for spies to get in and out of the fort, as there was a passage to the river quite hidden from sight, and we had no fear of being assailed by a sufficient number of men to surround us, as, according to report, the rising was a very small one."

"Major Bamford was to proceed up the river for some distance towards us, and then, if I was unable to send any news of importance, he would act on the previous information and attempt to catch Ayoo unawares."

"I had a young subaltern with me and also a Hindu officer, and with their aid I felt that we made the place strong enough to stand against anything, although we had not many men."

"Two days after I reached the fort one of my scouts came in with the news that the minor chief whom we expected to come upon us had arrived with a few hundred men. I did not think it necessary to at once dispatch a messenger with this news, as I did not anticipate that the Major would have reached the place where he would await news from me."

"Later in the day we were shown pretty clearly that we were besieged. The chief came towards the fort attended by a couple of men carrying flags as a signal for a parley. These wild fellows had learned that we respected a flag of truce, and, to do them justice, they respected it pretty well themselves. As soon as he was near enough he called upon us to surrender as his chief was all-powerful and the English were all going to be driven into the sea, and so on. Then he made some taunting allusions to the fact that I was very brave behind walls, and hinted that I should not out such a good figure in a fight man to man. I, of course, ought not to have taken any notice of him; but an evil thought had come into my head, and when one of the flag bearers took up the strain and said I was afraid to face his chief I determined to give him an unpleasant surprise. I was quite positive, in my youthful vanity, that I could make this man repent his taunting words, and these fellows understood the idea of a duel with swords. I could remember hearing of such contests taking place, and so, when the flag bearer ceased his insults, I called out to the chief: 'You are brave in word, will you face me with swords instead of words in sight of both our forces?' He didn't answer, but I thought I saw a trace of a diabolical smile on his evil-looking face. Then one of the attendants answered: 'You have challenged our chief, to-morrow you shall have what you want.' And then they turned and strode away."

"I thought I heard a kind of gasp as of someone in pain, and turning, I saw my old Hindu officer with a most troubled face."

"Sahib, do not go out, I beg of you," said he, "I know them and I fear treachery."

"Nonsense," said I, "the duel will be fought near to the fort, and the power to punish will be on our side, not on theirs. It has been done before."

"Yes," he said, as if talking to himself, "it has been done before."

"I spoke rather sharply to the old fellow, for it was no business of his to interfere, but still his fears made me feel uncomfortable. I knew he had had a lot of

experience, and I had heard that he had once come into conflict with Ayoo Khan, and received a life-lasting scar from him. Still, I did not show that his fears in any way disconcerted me, and I laughed at the fears of my brother officer, who also protested against my action."

"Later in the day I became really angry with my old Hindu. There did not seem any likelihood of our getting any more information, so I dispatched a messenger to Major Bamford to tell him that we were besieged. I did not say anything about my projected duel, you may be sure, but I had reason to think that the old Hindu did say something. I was told by my brother officer that he had been seen talking to the messenger after I had given my instructions. I sent for him and demanded to know what he had said. He would not admit anything, and so I rather lost my temper and spoke sharply to him."

"Next day he was still troubled and anxious, and I must confess that the element of mystery he supplied to the affair rather tended to unnerve me. We neither saw nor heard anything of our besiegers until past mid-day, when there was a tremendous shouting in the direction of their camp. Through my field glass I could discern a large body of men moving about in a state of great excitement, while the shouting still continued. Some time later they moved forward in a body and drew up in line a few hundred yards in front of the fort, the two flag carriers walking in front as a sign that they did not contemplate an attack. They had come to witness the duel; but instead of a few hundred of them there were a few thousand. What did it mean? I heard my young brother officer anxiously ask exactly that question of the old Hindu, and to my surprise he answered, 'It's all right now, Sahib, it's all right now.' The old fellow had quite changed. Instead of looking troubled and anxious his eyes flashed with a look of triumph as if we might be just winning a hotly contested battle. Next minute I thought it was anything but right, for the two flag bearers began to advance and a huge terror of a man walked between them. I realised at once that it was Ayoo Khan, and I began to see what was meant by the fear of treachery."

"As soon as they were within shouting distance one of the flag bearers called out:

"Where is the chief of the English? You have challenged our chief, and he is here ready to fight."

"I can tell you I felt bad at that moment. The way the trick had been carried out, the look of brutal confidence on the face of Ayoo, the dismay of my own men, and the fiendish delight of Ayoo's followers, who were shouting and dancing in the distance, seemed to tell me that I was doomed, and all my self-confidence vanished."

"There was no escape; for if I had replied that Ayoo was not the one I had challenged it would have utterly destroyed my prestige."

"As I approached nearer I could see my opponent's huge proportions more distinctly, and I felt that I was marching to death. I knew how such a fellow would fight, and it would be a very different matter to a duel with a French fourth-rate fencer. Their playing such a trick on me, and the absolute confidence with which their leader—the life of the whole revolt—came forward to fight with an officer of only very small importance, coupled with the fact that I had plunged into this affair without any justification, tended to unnerve me, and I felt that my hour had come. But, of course, it is no use my piling on the agony, for you know I didn't die. I had not advanced far in the direction of my enemy when there was a tremendous cheer from my men behind, a cheer in which my old Hindu joined. Then a stern voice said:

"Lieutenant Rogers, come back."

"I turned and saw the broad figure of Major Bamford walking out of the fort. He held his sword in his hand, and his face bore an expression of absolute determination. He advanced a few steps as I halted, and then:

"Ayoo Khan, you have challenged the chief of the English. I am ready for you."

"I felt as if in a dream, and looked on without being able to take in what I saw. A horrible expression appeared in the face of the dusky chief. An expression of baffled rage, of recognition, and, I thought, of fear. Then in a second, with a torrent of abuse, he rushed forward and the conflict began."

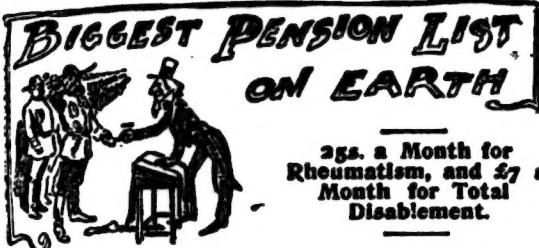
"I feel a bit queer even now when I think of that time. Ayoo's blows came with such fearful force and rapidity that it seemed utterly impossible for a man to avoid them, and I felt that I must inevitably have gone down at once before such an attack. I have seen plenty to make me look small since then, but I have never again seen such a display of swordsmanship as I witnessed then. Amidst the flashing blades the Major remained untouched, and every blow rang out on steel. I saw Ayoo's arm tinged with red, and then in another moment Major Bamford saw his opportunity and rushed in. The fight was over, and he was unscathed."

"Our enemies carried off the body of their chief and then seemed to melt away. The insurrection was over. A small force advanced a few days later, but there was nothing for us to do. And so it transpired that my foolishness in plunging into a duel had resulted in our settling the insurrection without the loss of a man."

"I found that my old Hindu, having had experience of Ayoo in former years, suspected that the game was to kill me and then get possession of the fort, and had sent word to Major Bamford what had occurred. The Major at once made all haste to the fort and reached it unobserved by the enemy and by me."

"Oh, there's one other point. I came near forgetting the moral of the whole story. I found an opportunity to apologise to Major Bamford for the part I had played some weeks before. 'I can see clearly enough now that if you had accepted my impertinent challenge you could have done what you liked with me,' said I."

"Oh, that's all right," said he, "I owe you an apology too, for I thought you were a coward. I find that you are really a brave man, but," he added, as if half to himself, "upon my word, I never before knew a brave man to brag as you did."



PERHAPS the careless, shiftheas way Uncle Sam sometimes has of conducting his public business is not more clearly shown in any direction than the manner in which he formerly, and even yet to some extent, carries on his Pension Department.

The latest figures show that, in his generosity, in this department he disburses no fewer than 1,000,000 pensions annually, amounting to over 138,000,000 dollars, or about £27,000,000, among soldiers who have become disabled in his wars, or their widows; and all the while he is doing so he fully recognises that not a few of these millions find their way into the coffers of frauds.

But if you twit Uncle Sam's officials on this, they merely reply, "Oh, well, it isn't nearly so bad as it used to be."

The very lowest pension Uncle Sam allows to any of his former soldiers or their widows is 25s. a month, and this for rheumatism, or any kindred, not disabling, disease, contracted after a war, and shown to have been come by through hardship and exposure in the field. The average pension for a private, however, is 33s. a month; and from this sum they rise to as much as a trifle over £7 a month for total disability. The average pension for a sergeant is £2 10s. a month, and those for commissioned officers rise in proportion to their rank. In addition to this, a special pension of 8s. a month is allowed for all pensioners' children under the age of sixteen.

DEAD PEOPLE WHO DRAW PENSIONS.

It may interest many people to know that, roughly speaking, there are about one hundred old American soldiers or their widows living in or about London who quarterly draw pensions, and they may always be seen on the appointed days at the American Consulate in St. Helen's Place, London, where a young man specially looks after their cases.

Perhaps the best illustration of how easily Uncle Sam is cheated is to be drawn from the fact that there are still on the pension lists a few widows of soldiers who are supposed to have fought in the Revolutionary War.

This war ended in 1781, with the surrender of General Cornwallis at Yorktown. These are obviously frauds, but as the officials cannot positively prove them such they have to obey the law, and so the claims are paid. The supposition for their validity is this: It is instanced that the soldier, who was slightly over twenty when this war closed, lived long after, and in about his eightieth year married a girl of eighteen. The wife would now be somewhere about eighty years old, and though there are several such claimants, where in reality there might rightfully possibly be one, the Americans think it would be a pity to deprive these old ladies of the Government's support during the few remaining years they have to live, notwithstanding that the fraud has been carried on for years and years. So they let them go.

Curiously enough, if a person is detected in obtaining a pension from the country by fraud they are not prosecuted, nor even sued for the amount obtained. The claim is simply dropped, and nothing further is done in the matter. The officials argue that it would hardly do to be continually prosecuting the lame, the halt, and the blind.

A FEW OF THE TRICKS.

Up till about eight years ago the pension lists used to average as high as £38,000,000 a year, but when Mr. Cleveland became President a wholesale scrutiny of the strictest character was brought to bear upon them, with the result that a reduction of no less than £8,000,000 a year was able to be brought about by striking off the lists only the most glaring of the frauds. How much more, therefore, it might still be reduced will appeal readily to the imagination.

These are some of the frauds discovered:

One man was drawing a regular pension because of deafness he was supposed to have contracted through a shell bursting close to his ear; but when the deputy pension inspectors came to look up what employment he was in, it was found he worked in a telephone office, answering calls! This was one of the amusing cases.

Men who had followed the army for their own profit as sutlers, and who had formerly provided the soldiers with tobacco and delicacies at exorbitant rates, were found to be on the lists without numbers. Widows who had married again, and therefore forfeited their pensions, were also found to be among the most numerous of the defrauders. Now, each quarter, widows have to bring with them a voucher signed by two reliable witnesses who know them, showing that they have not married during the interval since they collected their last claim. In many instances, also, relatives used to keep on drawing pensions after the persons who were entitled to them had died.

But the strongest fight the Government had was against so-called "Pension Agents," many of whom still flourish. These "agents" used to buy up pension claims when the people entitled to them were in some momentary stress, and then go on collecting them at an enormous profit so long as they would be paid, sometimes even after the entitled pensioner was dead. But the Government dropped a heavy hand on them. Now they flourish, ostensibly as the attorney of the claimants, contending that they only deduct a small commission for their services. It is hard to get ahead of them at this game, but a very close watch is kept upon them, and so successfully that gradually and gradually they are dropping out of existence.

Not the least example of the laxity on the part of Uncle Sam in the paying of his pensions is the fact that he does not stop them even when the recipient is in his pay.

It is a standing rule in the American civil service that old soldiers should always be given the preference over all other comers. So, if an ordinary applicant stands first on the examination list, and an old soldier is fifth or sixth, the old soldier generally gets the position. This is very commendable; but why when he begins to draw a government salary of say from £120 a year as a messenger, to £600 a year as a first class clerk, he should be still entitled to remain on the pension lists, is a question that no American has ever yet been able to solve. But so it is.

SACRED BEETLES MADE HERE.

THE traveller in Egypt must have relics. No one knows this better than the Arab, who therefore employs himself by turning them out by the hundred.

The articles for which he finds there is the greatest demand are the scarabaei, or sacred beetles of the Egyptians. The scarabaeus was dedicated to the Sun, and representations were made in hematite, steatite, jasper, and, more frequently in faience. The three former are difficult to imitate, and it is seldom that the Arab attempts to do so. When he does, however, he gets his material from the same district in which the original Egyptians obtained theirs, and having a genuine scarab to work from, proceeds to make his forgery as closely to it as possible. When he has done so, moreover, he has to use great caution in retailing his article, since detection is easy.

With the faience scarab, however, the process is simpler. Having procured a genuine specimen he casts it so as to form a mould. He then takes impressions from this, and glazes them over, by means of a blow-pipe, with a small quantity of genuine dust. This is quite sufficient, however, to deceive the uninitiated. This process is also employed in the manufacture of other forgeries; in the case of the little funeral, or Ushabtai figures, for instance.

THE MAGISTRATE SCORED.

A POLITICAL meeting was about to be held in a country town in Ireland, and, disturbances being anticipated, it was thought advisable to call in the aid of military. Some soldiers were accordingly sent.

When they arrived in charge of an officer it was found necessary to billet them on the people of the neighbourhood.

The room requisitioned for the officer happened to be occupied by the resident magistrate, who very naturally, objected to being turned out. His remonstrances, however, were in vain, for the officer insisted on his undoubted right.

Suddenly however an idea struck the magistrate and taking some paper he wrote the following order to the officer.

"Owing to the disturbed state of the district I will require the military to patrol the roads all night."

The officer knew he was bound to obey this order, as he and his men were at the disposal of the magistrate if required. He therefore thought it better to come to terms with the magistrate, particularly as the night was bitterly cold and snow on the ground.

So the magistrate, being left his room, decided there was no necessity to have roads patrolled.

"I ALWAYS keep my watch about five minutes fast," observed the suburbanite; "for train-catching purposes."

"So do I," replied the other suburbanite; "but it doesn't do much good. Bridget always keeps the kitchen clock fifteen minutes slow for breakfast-preparing purposes."

It was a sultry afternoon, and thus spoke the teacher of the village school:

"Now, boys, the word 'stan' at the end of a word means 'place of.' Thus we have Afghanistan, the place of the Afghans; also Hindustan, the place of the Hindus. Now, can anyone give me another instance?"

"Yes, sir," said the smallest boy proudly, "I can. Umbrellastan, the place for umbrellas!"

TIGERS TRAPPED BY BIRD LIME.

Queer Methods of Hunting Fish and Flesh.

IF you were handed a fish, a dog, and a strip of bamboo, and bidden to kill a ten foot shark with these crude implements, the odds are that you would decline the unequal contest. Nevertheless, the Malays annually kill thousands of these voracious monsters by this means, without incurring the slightest risk.

The method is as follows. The bamboo is split into a strip measuring about four feet in length by one inch in width. Having been well charred at each end and pointed, it is coiled into the smallest possible space and sewn into the fish skin. The dog is next killed, trussed, and his interior cavity refilled with the delusive fish skin.

Forthwith Jack Shark swallows the dog at a gulp, and his doom is sealed. Three or four days later, when he has digested the dog and the fish skin, the bamboo flies apart and gradually penetrates the great brute's sides with fatal effect. It is not pretty sport, but it is marvellously effective and absolutely safe.

Were you handed a piece of meat, a bundle of leaves and a pot of bird-lime, you would scarcely feel yourself a match for a Bengal tiger. But the little Bengalis are particularly successful in catching Mr. Stripes with these crude implements.

The meat is first of all tied to the bough of a tree, some twelve feet from the ground. The leaves, which are the size of large plane leaves, are next smeared with the bird-lime, and thickly strewn, sticky side uppermost, beneath the bough. Mr. Stripes, perambulating past, smells the bait and makes a leap for it. He misses, for the very good reason that it has been purposely placed a couple of feet higher than he can reach. Again and again he springs for it, and each time he alights upon a fresh lot of leaves, which stick fast to his huge feet.

Now he notices them, and starts to try and lick them off, with the result that he transfers them from his claws to his face. He gets impatient, the lime gets into his eyes and makes them smart, and he redoubles his efforts only to redouble the number of leaves. Finally, he loses his temper, and half blinded with rage, fear, and bird lime, rolls over and over until he looks like a Jack-in-the-green. Then, when he is no longer capable of rational resistance, the wily native emerges and jabs him in some vital part.

Sometimes, however, Mr. Stripes is destined for Hagenback's Jamrack's, or some other great menagerie. Then the procedure is different. He is first of all trapped by an ingenious arrangement of weights and springs, which convert an innocent-looking cowed into a four-sided wooden cell the moment he passes the threshold. His removal thence is ingenious.

A tube of string matting, measuring some twelve feet in length by about eighteen inches diameter and strongly fortified with rattens and bamboo, is suddenly introduced lengthways into the darkened cell. Mr. Stripes, who has meanwhile been stirred up by countless unseen hands, sees the welcome daylight, and leaps madly for it. But although he has sprung into the narrow tunnel, it is only to find the end safely barred. Before he can say "Jack Robinson," deft fingers have barred his exit from behind, and he is sprawling powerless in a straight jacket, which fits him like the skin of a sausage. His subsequent transport is merely a question of weight lifting.

The wily Chinaman gets some queer sport. He is a great fisherman, and his "tackle" is unique of its kind. His right hand assistants are the cormorant and the sucking fish, or remora.

This latter atrocity is a lazy creature, which attaches itself to any object by means of a natural sucker it has developed at the back of its head. John merely fixes an iron ring in the remora's tail, ties a string to the ring, and drops the fish overboard. The remora quietly attaches himself to the nearest fish, and John as quietly hauls in and out until the remora tires of the game.

His cormorants are trained from early youth to return at their master's whistle. John places an iron ring round the neck of one, and lets him dive for a fish. Immediately he has seized his prey he is whistled back to his master. The ring prevents him swallowing the fish, which John quietly drops into his own pocket. The process is repeated until the cormorant tires of it. Then John tries a fresh bird.

In certain districts of India where the snake pest is a terrible nuisance, a curious trap is set for the larger pythons. A small hole, a few inches in diameter, is made low down in a stout wall. On either side of this hole a young porker is tethered and left to his fate.

The python speedily spots the external pig and swallows him. He then turns his attention to the internal animal, which he can only reach by wriggling the fore part of his body through the hole in the wall. Having swallowed the second porker, the python suddenly realises the penalty of his piggishness.

Horrible to relate, he is now much the same shape as a dumb-bell, the thin part of which just fits the aperture through the wall, and the bulging portions of which (representing the swallowed porkers) effectually prevent him moving backwards or forwards through the wall. At this point it is etiquette to help him out of his difficulty, by cutting him in two, and so saving the lives of the little pigs. Given a big python, and this sport can be very exciting.

SHORT STORY



THE CHIEF OF THE ENGLISH.

A Tale of War Time in India.

"You want to know how it is I don't boast so much as I used to?" said the old soldier quietly. "No, of course, you don't put it like that, but that is about what it amounts to. You ask why I don't recount my adventures as I did in younger days. Well, of course you know me when I was quite young, and I'm sorry to say I was rather fond of boasting, then. I'll tell you one more story, anyhow, about the way I was cured of talking so much of my own exploits. I'm not much of a story teller, and you may, perhaps, guess what's coming before I get through, but you'll forgive that."

"I was a young lieutenant in India at the time. We were stationed pretty far north towards the border, and although there had been nothing serious in the way of fighting to do for some time, we'd had one or two little brushes with discontented tribes, which had served to season us and make us feel ready for anything. There was not much English society there, I can tell you, but between ourselves we managed to pass the time fairly pleasantly and have a few nice little dinner parties and so on. Then, just when we least expected it, we had news that a serious trouble was brewing, and that in a few weeks we might have more fighting than we wanted."

"It was rumoured that a certain native chief had gained an enormous influence with some of the hill tribes, and that he intended to make it hot for the English as soon as his position was strong enough. It was even said that he meant to sweep us all out of the district, but we, of course, laughed at that."

"Soon after the news first reached us we were considerably reinforced by both officers and men, and with the newcomers was a certain Major Bamford, who, according to report, was to command an expedition to suppress the border rising."

"A month passed by, during which our position was strengthened, and preparation was made for active work later on; but nothing more was heard of the rising, and we grew rather sceptical about it. The officers still had their dinner parties, and we had an opportunity of studying Major Bamford. We young ones did not think much of him. While we engaged in wild talk and recounted our experiences he was quite silent. All the other officers seemed to have had adventures, but he appeared to have none; and so we youngsters set him down as no good."

"It is the same old tale," said Dick Wilkins, "when there's any real work to do in India they always send up a man who knows nothing about it, while the fellows who have had real experience and really understand the case have to understand simply that they must obey his instructions."

"Dick Wilkins had fought in one engagement with some brigands, and so he felt that he was a veteran. I expressed the opinion that Major Bamford was better as a figurehead than anything else. He was a big and very strongly built man, and his face indicated great determination, and I was reasonable enough to admit that he looked all right, but I didn't think he had had much experience."

"A few days after this I had a quarrel with him. I was not in a position to quarrel with a major, but I did it for all that. It was at a dinner party, when some of the young officers urged me to tell some of my adventures. They looked up to me a good deal as I had a reputation as a swordsman and had fought several duels when I had been in France; but no doubt you remember that. I wish I could forget it. Well, I had taken a good deal of wine, and so I was equal to the task and no doubt exaggerated a bit."

"I told them how I had deceived a Frenchman into thinking that I was nothing of a fencer, and inveigled him into a duel and then pinked him. 'I played with him for some time,' I said, getting more inflamed with wine and less reliable in utterance, 'and it was amusing to see how scared he became when he found all his thrusts parried with the greatest ease. Then when I was tired I just pinked his arm and ended the affair. It didn't hurt him much, of course, but it taught him a lesson.'"

"I stopped speaking and looked severely at Major Bamford, who I thought was regarding me with a look of contempt."

"Come, Major," said I, "have you no adventures to tell us about?"

"I'm glad to say I have had no adventures of that kind," said the Major slowly.

"And why glad?" I demanded. "Do you mean to insinuate that there is anything discreditable in what I have done?"

"I consider that it is both wrong and cowardly to court a duel simply because of a conscious superiority over the opponent," said Major Bamford.

"I suddenly rose to my feet and said: 'Do you call me a coward, sir?'"

"I applied the term to any man who would court duelling to show his superiority as a swordsman. If you have done that I still cannot withdraw the expression."

"Very well, sir," said I. "I am quite aware of our difference in rank, Major Bamford, and I am aware that you can insult me and still escape punishment, but you are a coward if you refuse me satisfaction for this." And I marched out of the room.

"I don't know what might have been the result of such an affair with other officers, but as it was the thing passed over. Major Bamford utterly ignored the incident, and I was advised not to mention it again. It was pretty freely talked about, however, and by chance I overheard the remarks of two of the older officers."

"I half thought that the Major would accept the challenge," said one.

"No, not likely," replied the other, "we don't want any duelling. We may have enough fighting without that."

"Of course," said the first, "if it had come to a serious fight with swords it would have been more like a murder than a duel."

"Yes, by George," said the other, "we who know him are not anxious to face him."

"He's the best swordsman in India," said the first speaker, "and I question whether his equal is to be found anywhere."

"I did not catch quite all the conversation, but I felt very much flattered by what I heard. These officers did know me, and I now had their assurance that they were not anxious to face me. Still, even I should have hardly claimed to be the best swordsman in India, and it was pleasing to hear such an opinion from two such judges."

"Now, of course, you know what a fool I was. You have doubtless heard of Major Bamford, and will guess at once that he was the one they referred to. I was so conceited that no such thought occurred to me, and I thought they were simply calling to mind my performances."

"Only a few days after this we had more news regarding the hill rising. It appeared that the petty chief who was giving trouble called himself Ayoo Khan—I think that is how it is pronounced—and according to report he was a wonderful fellow. A giant in strength, a demon of a fighter, and a clever general too. Major Bamford, it transpired, knew something of him, and expressed the opinion that the rising was purely a one man affair and that if Ayoo could be slain or captured it would come to an end. There was not much chance of this, however, as the chief would no doubt keep with his men, and I was impatient for a definite advance in force to be made against him. There were affairs going on, however, of which I knew nothing. There were some spies working for us, and our general was waiting to have their report before taking action."

"The report came at last that a minor chief with a small force was proceeding towards one of our forts farther up the river, while Ayoo himself was coming in our direction. At the same time came news that the lieutenant who had commanded the little fortress now in danger had been taken ill, and it was necessary for an officer to be sent to take his place. To my huge delight, I was chosen, and, with a few men to reinforce the garrison, I set off up the river, not knowing whether I might not have to fight my way through. We reached the fort in time; but only just in time, and I at once set about making it fit to stand a siege. My instructions were to remain on the defensive, ascertain by my native spies the position of the enemy, and send word down the river to Major Bamford, who would very shortly be on the move."

"It was easy for spies to get in and out of the fort, as there was a passage to the river quite hidden from sight, and we had no fear of being assailed by a sufficient number of men to surround us, as, according to report, the rising was a very small one."

"Major Bamford was to proceed up the river for some distance towards us, and then, if I was unable to send any news of importance, he would act on the previous information and attempt to catch Ayoo unawares."

"I had a young subaltern with me and also a Hindu officer, and with their aid I felt that we made the place strong enough to stand against anything, although we had not many men."

"Two days after I reached the fort one of my scouts came in with the news that the minor chief whom we expected to come upon us had arrived with a few hundred men. I did not think it necessary to at once dispatch a messenger with this news, as I did not anticipate that the Major would have reached the place where he would await news from me."

"Later in the day we were shown pretty clearly that we were besieged. The chief came towards the fort attended by a couple of men carrying flags as a signal for a parley. These wild fellows had learned that we respected a flag of truce, and, to do them justice, they respected it pretty well themselves. As soon as he was near enough he called upon us to surrender as his chief was all-powerful and the English were all going to be driven into the sea, and so on. Then he made some taunting allusions to the fact that I was very brave behind walls, and hinted that I should not out such a good figure in a fight man to man. I, of course, ought not to have taken any notice of him; but an evil thought had come into my head, and when one of the flag bearers took up the strain and said I was afraid to face his chief I determined to give him an unpleasant surprise. I was quite positive, in my youthful vanity, that I could make this man repent his taunting words, and these fellows understood the idea of a duel with swords. I could remember hearing of such contests taking place, and so, when the flag bearer ceased his insults, I called out to the chief: 'You are brave in word, will you face me with swords instead of words in sight of both our forces?' He didn't answer, but I thought I saw a trace of a diabolical smile on his evil-looking face. Then one of the attendants answered: 'You have challenged our chief, to-morrow you shall have what you want.' And then they turned and strode away."

"I thought I heard a kind of gasp as of someone in pain, and turning, I saw my old Hindu officer with a most troubled face."

"Sahib, do not go out, I beg of you," said he, "I know them and I fear treachery."

"Nonsense," said I, "the duel will be fought near to the fort, and the power to punish will be on our side, not on theirs. It has been done before."

"Yes," he said, as if talking to himself, "it has been done before."

"I spoke rather sharply to the old fellow, for it was no business of his to interfere, but still his fears made me feel uncomfortable. I knew he had had a lot of

experience, and I had heard that he had once come into conflict with Ayoo Khan, and received a life-lasting scar from him. Still, I did not show that his fears in any way disconcerted me, and I laughed at the fears of my brother officer, who also protested against my action. "Later in the day I became really angry with my old Hindu. There did not seem any likelihood of our getting any more information, so I dispatched a messenger to Major Bamford to tell him that we were besieged. I did not say anything about my projected duel, you may be sure, but I had reason to think that the old Hindu did say something. I was told by my brother officer that he had been seen talking to the messenger after I had given my instructions. I sent for him and demanded to know what he had said. He would not admit anything, and so I rather lost my temper and spoke sharply to him."

"Next day he was still troubled and anxious, and I must confess that the element of mystery he supplied to the affair rather tended to unnerve me. We neither saw nor heard anything of our besiegers until past mid-day, when there was a tremendous shouting in the direction of their camp. Through my field glass I could discern a large body of men moving about in a state of great excitement, while the shouting still continued. Some time later they moved forward in a body and drew up in line a few hundred yards in front of the fort, the two flag carriers walking in front as a sign that they did not contemplate an attack. They had come to witness the duel; but instead of a few hundred of them there were a few thousand. What did it mean? I heard my young brother officer anxiously ask exactly that question of the old Hindu, and to my surprise he answered, 'It's all right now, Sahib, it's all right now.' The old fellow had quite changed. Instead of looking troubled and anxious his eyes flashed with a look of triumph as if we might be just winning a hotly contested battle. Next minute I thought it was anything but right, for the two flag bearers began to advance and a huge terror of a man walked between them. I realised at once that it was Ayoo Khan, and I began to see what was meant by the fear of treachery."

"As soon as they were within shouting distance one of the flag bearers called out:

"Where is the chief of the English? You have challenged our chief, and he is here ready to fight."

"I can tell you I felt bad at that moment. The way the trick had been carried out, the look of brutal confidence on the face of Ayoo, the dismay of my own men, and the scendish delight of Ayoo's followers, who were shouting and dancing in the distance, seemed to tell me that I was doomed, and all my self-confidence vanished."

"There was no escape; for if I had replied that Ayoo was not the one I had challenged it would have utterly destroyed my prestige."

"As I approached nearer I could see my opponent's huge proportions more distinctly, and I felt that I was marching to death. I knew how such a fellow would fight, and it would be a very different matter to a duel with a French fourth-rate fencer. Their playing such a trick on me, and the absolute confidence with which their leader—the life of the whole revolt—came forward to fight with an officer of only very small importance, coupled with the fact that I had plunged into this affair without any justification, tended to unnerve me, and I felt that my hour had come. But, of course, it is no use my piling on the agony, for you know I didn't die. I had not advanced far in the direction of my enemy when there was a tremendous cheer from my men behind, a cheer in which my old Hindu joined. Then a stern voice said:

"Lieutenant Rogers, come back."

"I turned and saw the broad figure of Major Bamford walking out of the fort. He held his sword in his hand, and his face bore an expression of absolute determination. He advanced a few steps as I halted, and then:

"Ayoo Khan, you have challenged the chief of the English. I am ready for you."

"I felt as if in a dream, and looked on without being able to take in what I saw. A horrible expression appeared in the face of the dusky chief. An expression of baffled rage, of recognition, and, I thought, of fear. Then in a second, with a torrent of abuse, he rushed forward and the conflict began."

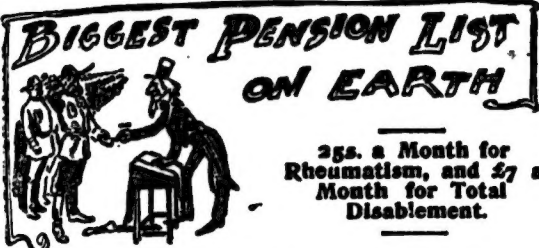
"I feel a bit queer even now when I think of that time. Ayoo's blows came with such fearful force and rapidity that it seemed utterly impossible for a man to avoid them, and I felt that I must inevitably have gone down at once before such an attack. I have seen plenty to make me look small since then, but I have never again seen such a display of swordsmanship as I witnessed then. Amidst the flashing blades the Major remained untouched, and every blow rang out on steel. I saw Ayoo's arm tinged with red, and then in another moment Major Bamford saw his opportunity and rushed in. The fight was over, and he was unscathed."

"Our enemies carried off the body of their chief and then seemed to melt away. The insurrection was over. A small force advanced a few days later, but there was nothing for us to do. And so it transpired that my foolishness in plunging into a duel had resulted in our settling the insurrection without the loss of a man."

"I found that my old Hindu, having had experience of Ayoo in former years, suspected that the game was to kill me and then get possession of the fort, and had sent word to Major Bamford what had occurred. The Major at once made all haste to the fort and reached it unobserved by the enemy and by me."

"Oh, there's one other point. I came near forgetting the moral of the whole story. I found an opportunity to apologise to Major Bamford for the part I had played some weeks before. 'I can see clearly enough now that if you had accepted my impertinent challenge you could have done what you liked with me,' said I."

"Oh, that's all right," said he, "I owe you an apology too, for I thought you were a coward. I find that you are really a brave man, but," he added, as if half to himself, "upon my word, I never before knew a brave man to brag as you did."



PERHAPS the careless, shifthe's way Uncle Sam sometimes has of conducting his public business is not more clearly shown in any direction than the manner in which he formerly, and even yet to some extent, carries on his Pension Department.

The latest figures show that, in his generosity, in this department he disburses no fewer than 1,000,000 pensions annually, amounting to over 138,000,000 dollars, or about £27,000,000, among soldiers who have become disabled in his wars, or their widows; and all the while he is doing so he fully recognises that not a few of these millions find their way into the coffers of frauds.

But if you twit Uncle Sam's officials on this, they merely reply, "Oh, well, it isn't nearly so bad as it used to be."

The very lowest pension Uncle Sam allows to any of his former soldiers or their widows is 25s. a month, and this for rheumatism, or any kindred, not disabling, disease, contracted after a war, and shown to have been come by through hardship and exposure in the field. The average pension for a private, however, is 33s. a month; and from this sum they rise to as much as a trifle over £7 a month for total disability. The average pension for a sergeant is £2 10s. a month, and those for commissioned officers rise in proportion to their rank. In addition to this, a special pension of 8s. a month is allowed for all pensioners' children under the age of sixteen.

DEAD PEOPLE WHO DRAW PENSIONS.

It may interest many people to know that, roughly speaking, there are about one hundred old American soldiers or their widows living in or about London who quarterly draw pensions, and they may always be seen on the appointed days at the American Consulate in St. Helen's Place, London, where a young man specially looks after their cases.

Perhaps the best illustration of how easily Uncle Sam is cheated is to be drawn from the fact that there are still on the pension lists a few widows of soldiers who are supposed to have fought in the Revolutionary War.

This war ended in 1781, with the surrender of General Cornwallis at Yorktown. These are obviously frauds, but as the officials cannot positively prove them such they have to obey the law, and so the claims are paid. The supposition for their validity is this: It is instanced that the soldier, who was slightly over twenty when this war closed, lived long after, and in about his eightieth year married a girl of eighteen. The wife would now be somewhere about eighty years old, and though there are several such claimants, where in reality there might rightfully possibly be one, the Americans think it would be a pity to deprive these old ladies of the Government's support during the few remaining years they have to live, notwithstanding that the fraud has been carried on for years and years. So they let them go.

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One man was drawing a regular pension because of deafness he was supposed to have contracted through a shell bursting close to his ear; but when the deputy pension inspectors came to look up what employment he was in, it was found he worked in a telephone office, answering calls! This was one of the amusing cases.

Men who had followed the army for their own profit as sutlers, and who had formerly provided the soldiers with tobacco and delicacies at exorbitant rates, were found to be on the lists without numbers. Widows who had married again, and therefore forfeited their pensions, were also found to be among the most numerous of the defrauders. Now, each quarter, widows have to bring with them a voucher signed by two reliable witnesses who know them, showing that they have not married during the interval since they collected their last claim. In many instances, also, relatives used to keep on drawing pensions after the persons who were entitled to them had died.

But the strongest fight the Government had was against so-called "Pension Agents," many of whom still flourish. These "agents" used to buy up pension claims when the people entitled to them were in some momentary stress, and then go on collecting them at an enormous profit so long as they would be paid, sometimes even after the entitled pensioner was dead. But the Government dropped a heavy hand on them. Now they flourish, ostensibly as the attorney of the claimants, contending that they only deduct a small commission for their services. It is hard to get ahead of them at this game, but a very close watch is kept upon them, and so successfully that gradually and gradually they are dropping out of existence.

Not the least example of the laxity on the part of Uncle Sam in the paying of his pensions is the fact that he does not stop them even when the recipient is in his pay.

It is a standing rule in the American civil service that old soldiers should always be given the preference over all other comers. So, if an ordinary applicant stands first on the examination list, and an old soldier is fifth or sixth, the old soldier generally gets the position. This is very commendable; but why when he begins to draw a government salary of say from £120 a year as a messenger, to £600 a year as a first class clerk, he should be still entitled to remain on the pension lists, is a question that no American has ever yet been able to solve. But so it is.

SACRED BEETLES MADE HERE.

THE traveller in Egypt must have relics. No one knows this better than the Arab, who therefore employs himself by turning them out by the hundred.

The articles for which he finds there is the greatest demand are the scarabaei, or sacred beetles of the Egyptians. The scarabaeus was dedicated to the Sun, and representations were made in hematite, steatite, jasper, and, more frequently in faience. The three former are difficult to imitate, and it is seldom that the Arab attempts to do so. When he does, however, he gets his material from the same district in which the original Egyptians obtained theirs, and having a genuine scarab to work from, proceeds to make his forgery as closely to it as possible. When he has done so, moreover, he has to use great caution in retailing his article, since detection is easy.

With the faience scarab, however, the process is simpler. Having procured a genuine specimen he casts it so as to form a mould. He then takes impressions from this, and glazes them over, by means of a blow-pipe, with a small quantity of genuine dust. This is quite sufficient, however, to deceive the uninitiated. This process is also employed in the manufacture of other forgeries; in the case of the little funeral, or Ushabtui figures, for instance.

THE MAGISTRATE SCORED.

A POLITICAL meeting was about to be held in a country town in Ireland, and, disturbances being anticipated, it was thought advisable to call in the aid of military. Some soldiers were accordingly sent.

When they arrived in charge of an officer it was found necessary to billet them on the people of the neighbourhood.

The room requisitioned for the officer happened to be occupied by the resident magistrate, who very naturally, objected to being turned out. His remonstrances, however, were in vain, for the officer insisted on his undoubted right.

Suddenly however an idea struck the magistrate and taking some paper he wrote the following order to the officer.

"Owing to the disturbed state of the district I will require the military to patrol the roads all night."

The officer knew he was bound to obey this order, as he and his men were at the disposal of the magistrate if required. He therefore thought it better to come to terms with the magistrate, particularly as the night was bitterly cold and snow on the ground.

So the magistrate, being left his room, decided there was no necessity to have roads patrolled.

"I ALWAYS keep my watch about five minutes fast," observed the suburbanite; "for train-catching purposes."

"So do I," replied the other suburbanite; "but it doesn't do much good. Bridget always keeps the kitchen clock fifteen minutes slow for breakfast-preparing purposes."

It was a sultry afternoon, and thus spoke the teacher of the village school:

"Now, boys, the word 'stan' at the end of a word means 'place of.' Thus we have Afghanistan, the place of the Afghans; also Hindustan, the place of the Hindus. Now, can anyone give me another instance?"

"Yes, sir," said the smallest boy proudly, "I can. Umbrellastan, the place for umbrellas!"

TIGERS TRAPPED BY BIRD LIME.

Queer Methods of Hunting Fish and Flesh.

If you were handed a fish, a dog, and a strip of bamboo, and bidden to kill a ten foot shark with these crude implements, the odds are that you would decline the unequal contest. Nevertheless, the Malays annually kill thousands of these voracious monsters by this means, without incurring the slightest risk.

The method is as follows. The bamboo is split into a strip measuring about four feet in length by one inch in width. Having been well charred at each end and pointed, it is coiled into the smallest possible space and sewn into the fish skin. The dog is next killed, trussed, and his interior cavity refilled with the delusive fish skin.

Forthwith Jack Shark swallows the dog at a gulp, and his doom is sealed. Three or four days later, when he has digested the dog and the fish skin, the bamboo flies apart and gradually penetrates the great brute's sides with fatal effect. It is not pretty sport, but it is marvellously effective and absolutely safe.

Were you handed a piece of meat, a bundle of leaves and a pot of bird-lime, you would scarcely feel yourself a match for a Bengal tiger. But the little Bengalis are particularly successful in catching Mr. Stripes with these crude implements.

The meat is first of all tied to the bough of a tree, some twelve feet from the ground. The leaves, which are the size of large plane leaves, are next smeared with the bird-lime, and thickly strewn, sticky side uppermost, beneath the bough. Mr. Stripes, perambulating past, smells the bait and makes a leap for it. He misses, for the very good reason that it has been purposely placed a couple of feet higher than he can reach. Again and again he springs for it, and each time he alights upon a fresh lot of leaves, which stick fast to his huge feet.

Now he notices them, and starts to try and lick them off, with the result that he transfers them from his claws to his face. He gets impatient, the lime gets into his eyes and makes them smart, and he redoubles his efforts only to redouble the number of leaves. Finally, he loses his temper, and half blinded with rage, fear, and bird lime, rolls over and over until he looks like a Jack-in-the-green. Then, when he is no longer capable of rational resistance, the wily native emerges and jabs him in some vital part.

Sometimes, however, Mr. Stripes is destined for Hagenback's, Jamrack's, or some other great menagerie. Then the procedure is different. He is first of all trapped by an ingenious arrangement of weights and springs, which convert an innocent-looking cowed into a four-sided wooden cell the moment he passes the threshold. His removal thence is ingenious.

A tube of string matting, measuring some twelve feet in length by about eighteen inches diameter and strongly fortified with rattens and bamboo, is suddenly introduced lengthways into the darkened cell. Mr. Stripes, who has meanwhile been stirred up by countless unseen hands, sees the welcome daylight, and leaps madly for it. But although he has sprung into the narrow tunnel, it is only to find the end safely barred. Before he can say "Jack Robinson," deft fingers have barred his exit from behind, and he is sprawling powerless in a straight jacket, which fits him like the skin of a sausage. His subsequent transport is merely a question of weight lifting.

The wily Chinaman gets some queer sport. He is a great fisherman, and his "tackle" is unique of its kind. His right hand assistants are the cormorant and the sucking fish, or remora.

This latter atrocity is a lazy creature, which attaches itself to any object by means of a natural sucker it has developed at the back of its head. John merely fixes an iron ring in the remora's tail, ties a string to the ring, and drops the fish overboard. The remora quietly attaches himself to the nearest fish, and John as quietly hauls in an! out until the remora tires of the game.

His cormorants are trained from early youth to return at their master's whistle. John places an iron ring round the neck of one, and lets him dive for a fish. Immediately he has seized his prey he is whistled back to his master. The ring prevents him swallowing the fish, which John quietly drops into his own pocket. The process is repeated until the cormorant tires of it. Then John tries a fresh bird.

In certain districts of India where the snake pest is a terrible nuisance, a curious trap is set for the larger pythons. A small hole, a few inches in diameter, is made low down in a stout wall. On either side of this hole a young porker is tethered and left to his fate.

The python speedily spots the external pig and swallows him. He then turns his attention to the internal animal, which he can only reach by wriggling the fore part of his body through the hole in the wall. Having swallowed the second porker, the python suddenly realises the penalty of his piggishness.

Horrible to relate, he is now much the same shape as a dumb-bell, the thin part of which just fits the aperture through the wall, and the bulging portions of which (representing the swallowed porkers) effectually prevent him moving backwards or forwards through the wall. At this point it is etiquette to help him out of his difficulty, by cutting him in two, and so saving the lives of the little pigs. Given a big python, and this sport can be very exciting.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

THE WEED IN WAR.

In which Service is Tobacco Regularly Served out to the Soldiers? (5736.)

In Italy, the war authorities recognise the "weed" as one of the comforts essential to the troops, and cigars are served out as part and parcel of the daily ration—a custom which should commend itself to the approval of Mr. Atkins, as one worthy of imitation by his unprogressive superiors at home. They certainly do some things on the Continent very much better than we do, and in this particular the wealthiest country in Europe might well follow the example of the poorest.

THE MOST COSTLY FOOD.

What is the Dearest Food Known? (5737.)

One generally thinks of dishes of nightingales' tongues, or strawberries at Christmas time, or the famous bird's-nest soup of China, as topping the record of cost. But they all appear comparatively cheap beside the peanut-bud paste of China. It is only natural that China, possessing the oldest aristocracy, should furnish the most expensive luxury.

The paste, a combination of peanut buds and ginger jelly, is brownish in colour, and is to be had in small jars. At the base of the kernel of a peanut is a small, cone-shaped formation usually surmounted by two microscopic leaves. The nuts are first roasted and then these minute growths are carefully extracted. They are so small that many thousands of them are necessary to fill a small tea-cup, but when a sufficient number are collected they are put into a mortar and brayed into a fine flour, which is afterwards mixed with ginger-jelly and rubbed down to a smooth paste. It costs ten dollars, say £2, an ounce, so that it is worth more than half its weight in gold.

"NO SECURITY."

What is the Strangest Security ever Offered by a Public Body when Applying to a Bank for a Loan? (5738.)

The Swiss Commune of Toss lately needed £1,600 and, according to the Milan paper *Il Secolo*, invited the Zürich Cantonal Bank to advance the money on the security of the local cemetery. The bank did not think it good enough.

MAN'S FIRST POSSESSIONS.

Was Individual Ownership the Earliest Form of Property? (5739.)

It is necessary to distinguish between ownership of goods and chattels, and that of land, crops, and flocks and herds. Though, of course, we have no direct evidence, it is safe to conclude that all tools and weapons and such clothing as was used, were the individual property of primitive man. They were, certainly, the first form of private property, and the right to them consisted in the skill to make them, or the strength to take them from enemies. This is the case with all primitive tribes of the present day. But when men passed the hunter stage, and began to live in communities, it would be impossible for individuals to till ground, look after stock, and still do the necessary hunting and fighting. Hence the earliest property in lands and animals was probably tribal, and not until a much later stage would individuals gain sufficient power or influence to become landed proprietors and stock-rearers on their own account. The fact that primitive man's weapons and fishing tackle nearly always were buried with him is a strong proof of individual ownership, and history in every case (if it goes far enough back) proves the contention as to collective property in lands and live stock.

QUESTIONS.

5771. In which country do women make no concealment of their true age?
5772. Will donkeys eat flesh?
5773. What is the derivation of "cad"?
5774. Which is the most ancient form of signing the name to documents?
5775. Why is His Satanic Majesty sometimes called "Old Harry"?
5776. Why is man so deficient in the sense of smell?
5777. Which British General has the unique privilege of wearing two V.C.'s?
5778. Which animals have the largest reserve of vitality to draw upon?
5779. Did the American flag originate in America?
5780. Which geographical change has produced the greatest effect upon animal life?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Replies should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

SALUTING WITH ROUND-SHOT.

Was it ever Used to Fire Salutes with Shotted Guns? (5741.)

This was almost invariably the case, at least at sea, up to the close of the seventeenth century. Thus Pepys records on May 3rd, 1660, being on board the fleet in the Downs when news came of the declaration made by Charles II. at Breda, previous to the Restoration, and says: "As I was going on board the Vice-Admiral, the general began to fire his guns, and so did all the rest of the commanders, which was very gallant, and to hear the bullets go hissing over our heads as we were in the boat."

The custom was probably due to its being the habit in those days to keep the guns loaded, and, once old-fashioned ordnance was so, it was both troublesome and risky to withdraw the charge. Even as late as 1850 the captain of H.M.S. *Meander* encountered this difficulty off Tahiti, when, being many months without news from home, he was informed by an American whaler that there was war between England and France. He, therefore, loaded all his guns, and entered Tahiti harbour, to find the story untrue, and himself in a quandary because he had not a weapon with which to salute the French flag.

"ALMOST A TRAITOR."

Was Queen Anne ever within Measurable Distance of the Tower of London and the Block? (5742.)

Throughout the early years of the reign of William and till the death of her sister Mary, the Princess Anne was in constant peril, chiefly it must be confessed owing to her own folly. A Princess who constantly referred to her king and brother-in-law in her correspondence as "The monster," "Caliban," or the "Dutch abortion" could not well be surprised if she often found herself in hot water. Her house in Whitehall and afterwards Berkely House formed a centre round which the only disaffected party in the state could possibly rally. It was notorious that she was in correspondence with the exiled King and that she was not on speaking terms with the Queen, her sister, who, on one occasion, threatened to halve her allowance.

But matters reached a crisis in May, 1692, when Marlborough, her especial favourite, and the most dangerous man in the Jacobite party, was committed to the Tower on forged evidence on a charge of high treason. We find the Princess writing to the Duchess that, "she was told by pretty good hands that as soon as the wind turns westerly, there will be a guard set on my husband and me." Later in the letter she refers to the prospect of "living on bread and water within four walls."

THE YOUNGEST CANTAB.

Who was the Youngest Student ever Entered at Cambridge? (5743.)

Thomas Fuller was sent to Queen's College in 1620, when only twelve years of age, taking his B.A. when sixteen, and his M.A. when twenty years old. Lord Bacon entered at Trinity College when thirteen, and left it after three years "with a profound contempt for the course of study pursued there." Jeremy Taylor, whose father was a Cambridge barber, entered his son as a sizar at Caius when the boy was in his thirteenth year, and five years later the latter took his B.A.

Several distinguished men were entered when fifteen—amongst them William Cecil, Lord Burghley, who went to St. John's College at that age; Sir Edward Coke, who was removed to Trinity then, and Andrew Marvell who attended the same college. Spenser went to Pembroke when only sixteen, and Milton was at Christ's at the same period in his life. Oliver Cromwell had not completed his seventeenth year when he was entered at Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge.

SOLDIERS AND SQUARE MILES.

Which of the Great Empires of the World has been Guarded by the Relatively Smallest Army? (5744.)

Of all empires that of Alexander the Great was conquered and guarded by the smallest regularly organised army. It stretched from the Danube to the Indus and from the Orus to the Nile, yet it is doubtful whether his army of conquest and occupation was ever much more than a hundred thousand men. Certainly, it was at no time over a hundred and fifty thousand. Of modern territories, that of the United States is guarded by

the smallest regular army. It has a hundred and ninety-three thousand men to three million and seven hundred and fifty thousand square miles, say one man to twenty square miles.

The British Empire comes next, with seven hundred and fifty thousand men guarding twelve million square miles, or one soldier to every sixteen miles. Of European Powers four show the following proportions: Russia, one man to two and a half square miles; France, one to three-fifths; Germany, one to three-eighths; and Italy, one to one-tenth of a square mile.

OUR OLDEST HOLIDAY.

Why has Saturday Afternoon Come to be Observed as the General Half-Holiday? (5745.)

The almost universal keeping of Saturday afternoon as a half-holiday is the modern counterpart of what existed in very early times amongst our Anglo-Saxon forefathers. Originating from a Royal command, it has long been found so generally convenient and in accordance with modern ideas that custom has continued to observe it. In the tenth century we find King Edgar ordering that there should be a general cessation of all labour from the noon of Saturday till sunrise on Monday. In the eleventh century Canute enforced the same principle in similar words, "let every Sunday be kept from Saturday's noon to Monday's dawn."

Scotland issued an ordinance of the same kind in William's reign, 1203. It was on a Saturday, after vespers, that the weekly store of provisions was laid in from the market, which invariably sprang up round the parish church. As the nation slowly changed from an agricultural to a manufacturing people, the conveniences and necessities of this "week-end" break for machinery, as well as for employers and employees, combined with the recognition of the necessity for rest and recreation, have served to make the holiday practically universal.

THE LAST OF THE CROMWELLS.

Who was the Last Male Descendant of Oliver Cromwell? (5746.)

Oliver Cromwell's last lineal descendant in the male line was Oliver Cromwell, Esq., of Cheshunt Park, Herts, who died May 21st, 1821, aged seventy-nine years. Henry Cromwell, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, married a daughter of Sir F. Russell, of Chippenham. From this marriage "the last of the Cromwells" claimed descent through the second son, Henry Cromwell, who, born in 1658, became a major in the Army and married a daughter of Benjamin Hewling, Esq. He died in 1711. Their son, Thomas Cromwell, who was born in 1699 and died in 1748, was twice married, first to a daughter of J. Tidmarsh, Esq., through whom there are many descendants, but none bearing the name of Cromwell, as they claim lineal descent through Anne Cromwell, the only surviving child by the first marriage. By the second marriage of Thomas Cromwell with a daughter of Nicholas Skinner, Esq., came Oliver Cromwell, of Cheshunt, born in 1742, who became a solicitor in Essex Street, Strand, and clerk to St. Thomas's Hospital. He married, on August 8th, 1771, Mary, daughter of Morgan Morse, Esq., by whom he had a son, Oliver, born September 24th, 1782, but who died 1785. He also had a daughter.

THE LAST BRITISH SHIELDS.

When were Shields Last Used in the British Army? (5748.)

Their use began to die out with the last of the Crusades, for those who went then to the East carried suspended round their necks a triangular shield, which, added to the weight of the rest of their equipment, was found utterly unserviceable in the heat of Syria and the Holy Land. The invention of cannon further lessened their utility, but Henry V. himself carried one at Agincourt, whilst he had his archers equipped with stakes which they were instructed to place in the ground in front of them to act as shields, as well as a protection against the charges of the French cavalry.

From that period onwards there was a continual conflict between firearms and defensive armour, including shields, but the latter were still used on both sides at Flodden in 1513, and at Pinkie in 1547, although in the latter instance they do not appear to have formed part of the equipment of the rank and file on the English side. By the Highlanders they were used down the "45." Many of the supporters of the Pretender carried them at Culloden.

Founded 1871.

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(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)

Capital Authorised £1,000,000 | Income, 1900 £578,492
Capital Subscribed £311,405 | Reserves Dec. 31st, 1900 £321,417
Funds, 31st Dec., 1900 (including Unclaimed Capital), £1,154,909.

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28 to 44 MOORCOTE ST., LONDON, E.C. General Manager and Secretary.

"SIR, the howling of your dog annoys me dreadfully."
M'Guff: "It do, do it? Maybe yes want me to get a trained baste that can play on the flute!"

A LOT of navvies were working on a section of a new line that was being made, and it was noticed that one of them always came supplied with a few nice potatoes for roasting at the fire for dinner. His mates wanted to know where he got them from, but he wouldn't tell them for a time. However, after a good deal of pressing he replied (he stuttered badly):

"Th-th-they're w-w-w-wild uns—I f-f-f-f-ind 'em in a f-f-f-f-field."

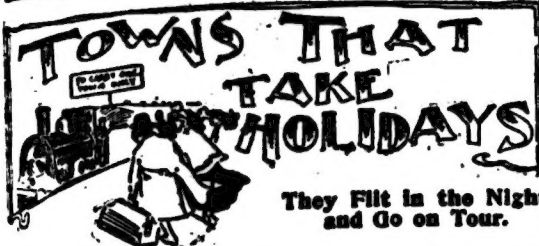
"You don't tell me that bright, pretty Mrs. Blank has been placed in a private asylum?"

"Yes; but they held back from taking that step until last week, when the evidence of her insanity became too marked to admit of doubt."

"What did she do?"

"Nothing. But she told her husband that she thought their baby was one of the ugliest, most stupid infants she had ever seen."

Things worth knowing are things worth remembering.—"P.W.'s" £2,000 Free Insurance, for instance.



LANCASHIRE beats creation so far as mammoth excursions are concerned, even our Yankee cousins having to take a back seat. There is nothing in the world to compare with the Lancashire "wakes."

Whole towns go on tour, and great cities become like deserted villages when the wakes are on. A "wake" is not a holiday made by a single firm; it is a holiday made by an entire town.

Blackburn alone spent £50,000 on holidays in one week in the middle of August. During this week Blackburn was practically a dead city, a collection of houses without occupants, of streets without inhabitants, of silent workshops, of motionless spindles and looms.

Where was the living Blackburn? Mostly at Blackpool, the Mecca of so many working people, though Blackpool is not the hot favourite it was with the mill-hands. Money is plentiful in the busy manufacturing towns, and over 6,000 Blackburnites went to Scotland, to visit Glasgow's great fair.

In addition to the ordinary trains, every class of compartment crammed with tourists, there were one hundred and ten "specials," engaged in emptying the town in the first few days. The people who went to Scotland, Ireland, the Isle of Man and the Continent, had been saving up their money since their last holiday by means of "going away clubs."

25,000 PEOPLE LEAVE ROCHDALE.

A local savings bank paid out no less than £29,283 12s. 8d. It took twelve persons four hours to distribute the sum held by a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Club.

The sums paid out by the various going-away clubs are not small. An Oldham Club which had only twenty members paid away over £400. This is not uncommon, many families withdrawing £30 or £40, and there are cases where members have paid in every week £3 to such clubs in readiness for the great annual holiday.

There are forty-six towns in Lancashire with a recognised mill-holiday week, and twenty of these hold the holiday in the same week, the third week in August.

During the first three days of that week this year, 25,000 people left Rochdale alone, so it may be imagined how dreary the twenty towns would seem. Those Rochdale people who stayed at home declared the town presented a unique spectacle. Owing to the absence of smoke, the tall mill-chimneys being without their usual black halo, the surrounding hills stood out in bold relief in the clear atmosphere.

Lancashire towns are not the only ones to have a week's holiday every year. Warkworth and Amble in Northumberland have a feast week.

Many Yorkshire towns have their great annual excursions during "wake" week, like their Lancashire neighbours. Others have a feast week, when the factories are obliged to close, because none of the hands would dream of working during the feast time. Dewsbury Feast, or "t' fee-a-st," as it is locally termed, is a great event in the town's life.

MILES OF SPECIAL TRAINS.

Newcastle claims the honour of running the biggest excursion in this country. On the night of the 22nd of August thirty-three special trains left Newcastle for Glasgow. This gigantic trip was the annual one of the workmen employed at the Elswick Ordnance Works, and it lessened the population of Newcastle by 12,000 for the time being.

Newcastle, however, has not broken the record. This was made a good score of years ago, when a wealthy philanthropist, Mr. Baek, deported the poorer inhabitants of Birmingham and the surrounding towns.

Over a hundred trains were needed to convey the hordes of men, women and children from New Street Station to Aberystwyth for a day at the seaside.

Altogether some 70,000 people left Birmingham on this glorious beanfeast.

Next to this comes the great annual excursion run by the Lancashire and Cheshire Miners' Federation. About seventy-five trains are required to carry the 50,000 trippers.

Burton-on-Trent migrates to the sea side under splendid conditions. The great firm of Messrs. Bass require about 250 railway carriages, or about 17 trains, to carry their trippers, and everything is managed on a grand scale.

Arriving at the seaside almost everything is gratis. Every man is given at least half-a-crown to spend, and beer is not scarce. The whole holiday-place is chartered for the day, so that everything, from the museums to the donkeys, may be free. The trippers are even insured for that day.

Swindon is another town which is moved to the sea once a year. The Great Western Railway Company's excursion also beats the Newcastle one, as 17,000 is

usually the number of persons who leave Swindon. Two hours after the first train has left the station, Swindon is empty.

Port Sunlight is only a small place compared to those already mentioned, but it does things in style. The biggest thing it ever did was to visit France, at a cost of about £5,000. Two thousand Sunlighters went to Paris and back in some fifty-four hours, and considerably astonished the natives, but they do not want to go again, as Paris is far behind Blackpool in their opinion.

London's greatest excursion is that promoted by the Sons of Phoenix Society, but an exodus of 16,000 persons does not have any appreciable effect in the Metropolis. The Phoenix excursion does, however, affect the watering-place it visits, as sometimes the population is doubled for the day.

Nottingham's great annual holiday is its Goose Fair, during which work comes to a standstill in the old city.

MY LAST GAME.

Her ball was on the pocket's edge,
I saw her pretty frown,
And said: "Don't get your temper up,
I will not 'put you down.'"

She looked at me so regally,
I took my cue and said:
"Come, let us take a rest awhile,
I'd like to kiss the red."

Her cheek went rather white at this,
Just like a piece of chalk;
She said: "Young man, I'll guarantee
You'll find yourself in baulk."

Still, I can play a losing game,
And unabashed replied:
"If I can get the cannon, dear,
Will you become my bride?"

SOLDIERS MADE OF SARDINE TINS.

At the end of the siege of Paris by the Prussians, the keeper of a Parisian wine-shop found himself completely ruined. He did not know where to turn for bread for his family. In a yard at the back of his shop there was a large accumulation of old sardine tins.

Sardines, in his better days, courted his especial patronage, and a box of them was found on his table every day. At the same time that he came across this pile of old tins, he happened to learn that the solder with which they were hermetically sealed was a valuable commodity, and it occurred to him that it might be possible to recover it from the broken tins and sell it at a good profit—which he did.

Being a man of some ingenuity, he improvised a small furnace, and immediately began making experiments in this direction. They turned out satisfactorily, and the price that the solder thus realised enabled him to keep going.

He saw that there was every likelihood of a good business to be done—the germ of it had declared itself—and so he contracted with a number of master rag-pickers to supply him with all the old sardine tins they could lay hands upon. He soon found himself at the head of a growing concern, and looking over matters one day he conceived the idea that there was a deal of waste in the metal that was thrown away after the solder had been extracted.

At all times material means money, only we don't always know how to convert it into pounds, shillings, and pence. Our French friend did.

The thought struck him—Why not make tin soldiers and other toys out of the metal which up to that moment was considered as only waste? The result of that inspiration was the—in after years—establishment of several factories in many parts of France.

Millions of metal pieces in the shape of children's toys are turned out annually from these workshops, and Monsieur Drog has built up a huge fortune on old sardine tins.

LITTLE WILLIE: "Say, pa, did you ever have another wife besides ma?"

Pa: "No, Willie. But why do you ask?"

Little Willie: "The family record in the Bible says you married Anno Domini 1877."

"Hold on!" said the doorkeeper at the theatre, as the swain pushed past him, "you can't both go in on that; this ticket is only for one seat."

"That's all right, mister, one cheer's been big enough to hold both of us many a time, ain't it, Liza?"

And in a cloud of Liza's best blushes they were gone.

"This man Dobbin is one of the luckiest fellows I know of. You heard of his arm being blown off last week in that explosion?"

"Yes; but there is nothing lucky about that."

"It was his right arm, you know."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, he is left-handed!"

HOW CITY MEN DECORATE THEIR OFFICES

Bables and Skulls that Seem to Help Business.

A P.W. man has recently been making a tour of a number of City offices with a view to the discovery of anything and everything new or unique in the shape of office decorations. His attentions were directed into this channel by the presence of a photograph of two sweet little children on the mantelpiece of the office of a well-known financier, whose daily turnover sometimes amounts to thousands of pounds.

In the midst of maps and charts and countless letter-files and reference books, how strangely out of place and curiously touching was the small picture, standing within the silver frame, of two chubby-faced children.

"Why do you allow that glimpse of homeland within this busy unhallowed place, where no one has time to appreciate any beauty save that carried on the face of a favourable contract?"

"Oh, it was my wife's idea," was the immediate reply. "She came here one day to pick me up on her way home, and she left it where you see it now. She said it would help me to be kind and good-tempered, if I gave it a glance now and then, when worried with difficult transactions, and, by Jove, I must say she was not by any means a false prophet. For I love those little kiddies with all my heart, and the sight of their innocent faces often helps me to do the right thing at the right moment; though, mind you, I don't go so far as to allow my heart to over-rule my head. That would not do, of course, but it is well to be reminded now and then, especially in my line of business, of what is right and what is wrong."

"Any other good results from so simple a feature?"

"Well, yes, I managed the other day to get on the soft side of a big American buyer by means of that photograph. I had talked my best to him for an hour without any good result, and he was just on the point of leaving, when his eye lit upon my bairns. He picked up the picture and—wanted to buy it! I told him I couldn't sell it, and I kept him talking, and gradually I got him to reconsider my business recommendation. I made a friend of him, so to speak, and he bought largely in order to please me."

A solicitor in Old Broad Street has as a centre-piece, high up over his office fire-place, the old-fashioned top hat of a long-ago Lord Mayor of London! Its shape and condition are almost laughter-provoking, so odd and so primitive does it seem in these days of progress and so-called elegance. A dealer in curiosities has offered a new and expensive roll-top desk in exchange for the battered headgear, but the present owner cannot be persuaded to part with his cherished treasure.

Another man of law has had a human skull made into an inkpot. The skull was found by workmen when employed in carrying out some City improvements, and was procured for "the price of a drink," yet to-day it would mean at least a five-pound note if any thought of a sale were to be entertained. That the skull is looked upon as well-nigh priceless is evidenced by the fact that every day when the office is closed it is carefully put away into the safe with other valuables.

A fruit merchant has perhaps the most extraordinary decoration. It is one of the fingers of a man's right hand preserved in a glass tube containing spirit. To this little bit of flesh and bone a remarkable history is attached. It is the finger of the captain of the ship that brought over to England a cargo of dried fruit on which there was, as it happened, the largest profit that the firm has ever known on a single shipload, and it was entirely owing to the same accident that the ship landed safely, and the captain lost his finger!

It is in an office in Fore Street that the bonnet and dress, charred by flames, repose in a glass case on a specially built shelf, of a brave old woman caretaker, who, once upon a time, saved the whole premises, from being burnt to the ground by her courage and devotion to duty. The brave deed was done many years ago, long before the present heads of the firm were born, yet they keep the relics in memory of the great event.

The private sanctum of Mr. J. Terry, of Milk Street, contains several art treasures and fossils dating from the pre-Adamite period. Mr. Terry is a cloth merchant and his business worries are considerably minimised by the presence in his room of these curios.

A large oil, measuring nearly five feet square, representing the beheading of St. John the Baptist, by the great Velasquez, is worth £500. Another represents a woman laughing, presumably "One of the Maids of Llangollen," and a companion picture to this was painted thirty years ago as a present for Mr. Terry, by an artist who is now an eminent R.A., but who in those days was a poor man and a professor at the old City of London School. A fourth is a rare oil, a curious work, entitled "The Three Drinkers." The original, by Velasquez, is in the Madrid Museum.

Standing in a corner is a grandfather's clock over 200 years old, whilst a mammoth shark's tooth does duty as a paper-weight. This is reputed to be of the pre-Adamite period, as is also a portion of the spine of an animal, ages ago extinct, which is used as a door block. In addition to all these curiosities are some fine old engravings by Howbrocker and Earlom.

"Oh, dear! Must receipt this bill, and have forgotten the day of the month!" Page 14 will put you right.



The north end of the Blea Moor Tunnel on the Seale and Carlisle line, was once wrecked in the most curious manner. A waterspout burst over the tunnel, the mishap occurring near the entrance. A number of men at work, hearing a strange noise, looked towards the entrance and saw to their horror an immense wave five feet in height tearing down towards them. Before the affrighted platelayers could run, the water was on them. After drowning several men it rushed out at the other end.

A long stretch of embankment at once gave way, burying a number of men at work. Before it was swallowed up by the river which runs through the Dent valley, this gigantic wave had washed away seven bridges and caused damage to the amount of £260,000.

From the fact that on the south coast the seaside resorts are so close to each other that in many places the lines, to avoid long and unnecessary detours, are compelled to skirt the sea shore, railways up north are not called on to fight the sea so frequently as they are down south.

The London and North-Western Railway have a deal of trouble with their line in the neighbourhood of Rhyll and Colwyn Bay. At least once this year a large portion of what they call their sea wall was washed away during a severe gale, but as the wall was only a heaping up of stones it was soon repaired. On the south coast owing to the prevalence of south-west winds and the angeriness of the sea, sea walls so constructed would be made short work of.

THE SEA GETS REPULSED.

Although the Great Western system runs parallel with the sea in the neighbourhood of Dawlish and Torquay, and the South-Western Railway outside Southampton is rather exposed, neither of these two companies have found it necessary to erect any very strong defensive works to resist the enemy.

The London and Brighton line has not been so favourably circumstanced. At Bulverhithe, near St. Leonards, they have had to fortify the line which runs close to the beach till it nears Bexhill by some very ingeniously constructed groynes. Between Perenssey and Bexhill the line again skirts the beach.

Here, jointly with the Commissioners for the Hove levels (who are responsible for the protection of the land), they have constructed a couple of heavy groynes, and quite recently they have further strengthened the defences of their property by a sea wall between Newhaven and Seaford. As the expenses in addition to the railway construction have been subscribed to by the Newhaven Harbour Company, Mr. Robert Lamb, a local landowner, and the local authorities, it is not surprising to learn that when the sea, during a recent gale, made a most determined attack on the wall it sustained a complete repulse.

BIG BATTLES AT DOVER.

The South-Eastern and Chatham line have not been nearly so fortunate as their neighbours. Their annual sea and wind bill is heavier than the lines of all the other companies put together. For years past the line from Folkestone to Dover has been practically wrecked, but the experience gained from successive encounters has been so great that the engineers, to whom is intrusted the task of combatting the elements, are at last in a position to bid defiance to their foe. The line is perfectly safe now.

One of the severest campaigns was in 1877, when a large portion of the Martello tunnel fell in and a man was killed by a fall of chalk caused by the undermining action of the sea.

In 1878 the Admiralty Pier at Dover suffered great damage.

In 1882 the combined efforts of wind and sea made short work of some faggot walls which had taken months to rear.

In 1891 such was the force of the gale that groynes and stonework were literally torn from their foundations and swept away.

TIDE UPSET BY A PIER.

In 1896 the sea made a hole in the Seabrook sea wall fifty yards long and tore out a large slice of the end of Folkestone Pier. To protect the line alone at The Warren, Folkestone, between Abbot's Tunnel and Martello Tunnel has cost untold thousands.

The sea used not to attack the line at this point. In the opinion of some people it has been caused by the extension of the Company's steamboat pier at Folkestone which has resulted in the tideway setting into this portion of the shore. As a result considerable portions of the land on the south side of the railway have been from time to time washed away by the sea, and the foot of the low cliffs over which the line is

laid were gradually but surely encroached upon, with the result that falls of earth and chalk to the extent of many hundreds of tons weight from the face of the cliffs were constantly occurring, these falls in time being washed away, thus rapidly diminishing the distance between the sea and the railway.

To prevent this wash and falls of earth, large faggot walls, consisting of a framework of iron rail piles, placed about five feet apart, with strong wood faggots eight feet to nine feet in length laid end on to sea were erected at the foot of the cliffs. Owing to the action of the sea, however, scouring off the shore and undermining the faggot work, and the enormous pressure of such a vast volume of water, these faggot walls quite failed to serve the required purpose, and about five years ago it was decided to erect about a mile in length of cement concrete wall, varying from ten feet to twenty feet in height from the surface of the seashore. Mr. Rigby, the big contractor, was intrusted with the contract, and a body of from 150 to 200 workmen were engaged about three years in carrying out the work, the concrete wall being well backed with chalk taken from the face of the cliffs.

Other work of driving headings from the shore under the railway, for the purpose of drawing off the "back" water (which was found to have a detrimental effect on the railway), was also done at the same time, the outlay for the whole of these works amounting to many thousands of pounds.

A STATION WASHED OUT.

Similar work of erecting a wall and groynes further eastward, at the eastern end of Abbot's Cliff Tunnel, have had to be carried out, as precisely the same encroachments were being made by the sea. Also at the eastern end of Shakespeare Tunnel a portion of concrete wall has been erected.

The foreshore at Dover, between Shakespeare Tunnel and the Admiralty Pier, is also studded with groynes, which were erected by the company many years ago for the protection of the railway and station, which were frequently threatened with serious damage during south-westerly gales, the sea often washing over the goods yard and station yard; but owing to the vast accumulation of shingle which has taken place at this point, the groynes are covered up, and the company's property wall protected from the inroads of the sea.

At Aberdour, and between Burntland and Kinghorn, on the North British Railway, the line is protected with pitched bulwarks, and the force of the sea during heavy gales from the south-east has made breaches in the pitching to a greater or less extent. In these cases the pitching is made good after the gale has abated. At Trinity, where the line is protected by a retaining wall and sloped pitched bulwark, the sea in October, 1898, carried away a portion of the retaining wall and also the pitching, and damaged the up line to such an extent that it was closed for a considerable time, till the retaining wall and pitching was replaced, and the line put into working order.

LINE DIVERTED SIXTY YARDS.

Of course, when making good the damage, the retaining wall was rebuilt in a much more substantial manner than it was originally constructed, and the pitching in front was grouted up with cement so as to give it a solid face to the sea. These repairs from time to time, both on the north and south sides of the Firth of Forth, have cost the North British Railway several thousand pounds.

The most serious case of encroachment by the sea, however, was the one at Marshall Meadows. The line between Burnmouth and Berwick, a distance of about five and a half miles, runs along the top of precipitous freestone cliffs about 200 feet high. This rock consists of a red sandstone overlying softer material, and the action of the sea during storms combined with that of frost and rain hollowed out this soft material, with the result that heavy falls of the rock took place.

This went on from time to time at Marshall Meadows, and a careful watch was kept and observations taken, until it was deemed necessary in the interests of safety in 1884 to divert the line inland about sixty yards, the diversion extending a distance of three-quarters of a mile, and the cost of the work being about £16,000.

A GENTLEMAN who is no longer young, and who never was handsome, asked his son's child what he thought of him. The boy's parents were present. The youngster made no reply.

"Well, so you won't tell me what you think of me? Why won't you?"

"Cause I don't want to get licked," replied the sprig of a rising generation.

EVERY READER A WRITER.

If you are walking in the street in town or country and observe something curious, however insignificant it may seem to you, make a mental note of it. If it is something you cannot understand, so much the better. When you get home jot down your idea on a piece of paper, together with your name and address, and send it to the Editor in an envelope marked "I.D.A." If the note which you send is considered of sufficient interest to justify our making inquiries and publishing an article on the subject, you will be paid for the article at the rate of

TWO GUINEAS A COLUMN.

You are not required to write the article, only to supply the idea. If the same idea be sent in by several readers, the money will be paid to the person whose suggestion first reaches us. If a reader forwards a subject for an article we have already by us naturally he cannot expect payment.

"THE DEAR LITTLE 'SHAMROCK.'"

She Carries a Mile and a Quarter of Rope, and a Mast Three Times the Height of your House.

Shamrock II. was built by Mr. Watson from the designs of Mr. Fife, who is one of the leading yacht builders of the day. She measures slightly under ninety feet on the load waterline. Her keel is weighted with about ninety tons of lead, which is equal to the weight of 1,800 men, each man weighing, say, eleven stone.

The canvas of the boat carries about 20,000 square feet. Now, a steam vessel of the size of the *Shamrock*—she displaces about 145 tons—in order to equal her speed would need engines of 1,500 horse-power, their combined strength lifting a total weight of 37,125,000lb. per foot per minute, calculating this result on the recognised basis of 33,000lb. per horse per foot per minute.

In order to sustain this immense spread of canvas a mast of hollow steel twenty-eight inches in diameter rises from her deck, and this measures 159 feet—you probably couldn't lay it down in your back garden.

The cordage on board Sir Thomas's boat, if run out as one line, would reach one mile and a quarter, and despite this enormous length, there is not a single foot of it that could be dispensed with—every inch is wanted. It works thirty-three different parts of the vessel, each, of course, having its own particular denomination, and all these are so well-known to the crew that every man on the instant could, on the word of command, immediately put his hand on it and do what was wanted. Indeed, a moment's hesitation might lose the race.

Supposing now that during the actual race the order was given by the skipper either to haul in or let out the mainsail, a crowd of at least forty persons, including officers and crew, would carry out the captain's command.

Now, the total weight of mainsail and gaff is about 1,050lb., as against about 6,000lb. representing the total strength of the forty men. The pressure of the wind would probably double the figure of the former, increasing that weight to, say, 2,000lb., and this therefore is the weight the crew would have to shift in carrying out the skipper's order.

Their united strength or pulling power would be three times greater than the weight of the big sails, but this surplus power would not be withheld; on the contrary, every ounce of it would be used to bring about a speedy performance of the skipper's order, for it is in this that the germ of success in yachting lies.

The present *Shamrock* is 157 feet over all, being five feet longer than the first *Shamrock* and twenty-five feet longer than the *Columbia*.

The beam of the *Lipton* boat is twenty-five feet, six inches, whilst that of the defender is twenty-four feet two inches, and in the matter of water draft the former vessel requires twenty-one feet of water, whereas the latter draws only nineteen feet ten inches.

The defending boat practically carries the same amount of canvas and is nearly of the same dimensions as the *Shamrock*.

The steering gear of *Shamrock II.* is similar to that of her immediate predecessor, the first *Shamrock*. The rudder-post is about twenty-seven feet long, and the rudder, which is three feet wide at the widest part, is made of copper plates riveted upon a frame. It is four inches thick at the post and tapers to between one and two inches in thickness on the outer edge.

NO MORE UMBRELLAS.

ANOTHER invention, again, which will be of interest to every home, as it involves the suppression of that venerable family adjunct, the umbrella.

In fact, considering the actual state of scientific affairs it is extraordinary this discovery has not been made long ago, being so very simple, but, alas, such seems to be the case with most of the great inventions brought to light by the genius of man, for example, the power of steam taught by a kettle.

It is by means of small boxes containing air compressed to a suitable number of atmospheres that the umbrella is to be superseded. These boxes are made so as to fit inside any hat, having a small tube adapted to the centre of their summit.

By the simple pressure of a button placed at the side of the hat, the compressed air may be allowed to escape from the tube, and by a most ingenious arrangement instead of flowing upwards is made to expand all round like those fountains which form like a ball. The rain falling on the compressed air so displayed, is, of course, compelled to rebound according to the well-known laws of gravity and resistance, and just like it does with the umbrella, falls round the happy possessor of this most useful contrivance. After the rain is over another touch at the button deprives the compressed air from its outward expansion.

Boxes full of compressed air will be supplied by chemists, grocers and oilmen at the rate of one penny, when wanted to replace the empty ones.



ONE of Tom's Costello's biggest hits was made in a song in which he was wont to appear in the rôle of a broken-down actor, persecuted by duns. To add to the effectiveness of the "business," Tom arranged for an assistant to make his way through the audience, and serve him with a writ on the stage. The idea worked beautifully until one evening, when one of Tom's lady admirers, thinking the incident real, started vigorously striking the unfortunate assistant with an umbrella. Then the assistant also struck—work.

A somewhat similar incident occurred quite recently at the Tivoli, when Marie Lloyd was singing her "Georgie" song. In this, it will be remembered, she used to engage in a bogus altercation with a gentleman in evening dress in the stalls. As is usual in most halls, a policeman is on duty at the Tivoli to maintain order. He, of course, was aware of the fact that the "altercation" was part and parcel of Miss Lloyd's "business."

One evening, however, his inspector happened along, just as the "disturbance" was at its height, and, after soundly rating his astonished subordinate for his "neglect of duty," proceeded himself to evict the disturber, amid the ironical cheers and laughter of the audience, the majority of whom, as it happened, were "in the know."

Mr. Dan Leno considers his most curious unrehearsed stage experience was one in which he was the principal—and indeed, in a sense, the only—actor. It was at Herne Bay, whither Dan had been bidden to a charity bazaar, and it was during the period when all London was laughing itself hoarse over his inimitable "Mrs. Kelly" song.

DAN LENO'S BIG MISTAKE

Here is the story, in Mr. Leno's own words, as told to P.W. behind the scenes at Dalston Theatre, one evening recently: "I began to be conscious before I was half way through the first verse, that there was something wrong with the audience. Nobody laughed. Some looked shocked, others puzzled; and I noticed sundry furtive glances directed towards the centre of the reserved seats, where sat the local bigwig. Nothing daunted, however, I determined to raise a laugh or die in the attempt. In the end I very nearly did die—from sheer exhaustion. I never worked so hard in my life. The perspiration poured from me. I out-Heroded Herod, or rather out-Kellied Kelly. I rang the changes on Mrs. Kelly till I was ready to drop. Then, when just on the verge of despair, an inspiration seized me, and I switched off on to Mr. Kelly.

"Well," I said, 'if you don't know Mrs. Kelly, perhaps you know Mr. Kelly—little red-faced man in a crumpled waistcoat. Oh, come, you must know Mr. Kelly!' and so on, and so on.

"It was no use. The people simply wouldn't laugh. When I came off the stage, I learnt why. Sitting opposite me in the stalls, was the originator and getter-up of the show—Major Kelly, and with him was his wife, Mrs. Kelly. The audience had not dared to give vent to its mirth."

WENT DOWN THROUGH THE STAGE

Old Manchester theatre-goers will remember the marvellous presence of mind displayed, under exceptionally trying circumstances, by Mr. Joseph Berisior, the originator of the "Jackley Wonders," when performing at the Folly (now the New Tivoli) one evening in the seventies. Mr. Berisior was supporting on his shoulders a living pyramid of eleven people, when to his horror he felt the stage slowly but surely sinking under him. To raise an alarm would, he felt sure, result in serious injury either to himself or his troupe, so he just stood still, and sank with the flooring, balancing successfully his living burden the while.

The audience was at first rather puzzled at the gradual disappearance of the pyramid through a big trap, but eventually concluded that it was all part and parcel of the performance, and showed its appreciation by an enthusiastic encore. Needless to say, however, the encore was not responded to.

The late Charles Godfrey once produced a monologue sketch in which, with appropriate scenery, he recorded the sad fate of a party of shipwrecked mariners. Just at the most touching part of the song, a black cat came strolling nonchalantly from the o. p. side, right across the property waves in which the unhappy sailors were being at that very moment engulfed before the eyes of the audience. Naturally the latter roared.

Unrehearsed incidents due to "little larks" played by one "pro" on another are by no means infrequent occurrences in music-hall annals. At the Empire, Newport, for instance, some little time back, O'Connor and Brady, the well-known "music-hall butchers," were working a turn wherein the latter gradually inflated

the former (who wore a balloon-like dress under his blue smock) with a pair of bellows, so that eventually he soared (or rather, was supposed to soar) upwards into the flies. As a matter of fact, of course, he was hauled up by an invisible wire.

On this particular occasion the wire was fastened at the critical moment when O'Connor had attained the greatest altitude, and tightly knotted, leaving the unhappy performer dangling in mid-air, while he was supposed to gracefully descend and "take" the "call" which the comical scene invariably elicited.

O'Connor blamed Arthur Reece for this little mishap, and vowed vengeance. Reece was just at that time singing his great success, "Those wedding bells shall not ring out." At the same hall, the same week, the Collinson Combination were playing a sketch, entitled "The Academy," in which a huge and exceedingly discordant bell was used to call the lads to their studies. O'Connor borrowed this bell, and, when Reece's turn came, after waiting for the audience to become duly impressed with the pathos of the first verse, he chimed (or rather clanged) in with it just at the crucial part of the second stanza, wherein the singer declared emphatically that "Those wedding bells shall not ring out, I swear it on my life." Reece looked unutterable things, but continued.

At the conclusion of the third verse he had to declare—still more emphatically—that the bells in question should not, etc., and at the same time fire a pistol at the imaginary bride. The thrilling declaration was again followed by the clanging of the school-bell, and when the pistol-shot rang out, it was echoed no fewer than six times from the wings, Brady having borrowed a revolver for that express purpose. Reece was furious. So was the stage-manager. But both Brady and O'Connor, to say nothing of the audience, enjoyed it immensely.

BOXED OFF THE BOARDS.

Mr. Tom Pritchard, the well-known agent, was once the victim of an entirely unrehearsed (and unexpected) stage hoax. He was acting as a sort of M.O. to Ted Pritchard, the boxer, and the then champion of England, who was given a series of exhibition matches in the north. Tom knew little or nothing himself concerning the "noble art," but being of the same name as the champion, many people supposed them to be brothers. At one small town where they were exhibiting, it so happened that Ted was indisposed, so Tom, after some demur, took his place on the stage.

He boxed successfully the orthodox exhibition rounds, was greeted with frantic applause, and was just beginning to fancy himself greatly, when, as luck would have it, a gentleman in the audience asked him if he would mind boxing a friendly round with his "little boy." Tom graciously consented; the youngster stepped on the stage, and in about a minute had knocked his mentor all over the ring. After Tom had straightened his nose and wiped the gore out of his eyes, he asked after the "boy," but he had vanished. Tom found out afterwards that he had been pitted against the bantam weight champion of the Midlands.

PECULIAR THUNDERSTORM.

THE organist of a country church was at one time a man of rather diminutive stature, and, consequently, had very short legs. This, of course, was a serious disadvantage to him in using the pedals. On a certain Sunday at a service he had occasion, during the singing of a hymn, to use some of the lower and furthest notes on the pedals. In doing this, he slipped off the organ bench right on to the pedal-board, and had to grasp the lower manual (key-board) to pull himself on to the seat again.

He was, of course, hidden from the congregation, as is usual. Fortunately, the verse during the accident referred to thunder, stormy waves, etc., and, after service, the remark was heard:

"What a splendid imitation of a storm Mr. Johnson gave us!"

SUPPLIANT: "I'm faint from lack of food."
Rich Lady (generously): "How dreadful! Here, smell my vinaigrette."

ROBINS PLAY AT BEING DEAD.

ONE morning a well-known naturalist was greatly surprised to see a robin lying on his back evidently dead, being rapidly pulled round and round by another bird of the same species.

The naturalist at once came to the conclusion that he had come in time to witness the end of a deadly encounter, and that the live robin was indulging in the cruel triumph of dragging his victim's lifeless body over the stones.

But he was mistaken, for suddenly the "live" bird went down upon his back, his wings and legs were stiffened, and he gave every appearance of being dead; whilst the other robin who had been shamming death hopped on his legs and proceeded to serve his companion in the same way as he had done him. Finally, the two birds flew away together to a neighbouring tree.

NAME-HUNTING COMPETITION.

No. 1.—Famous Footballers.

First Prize, £25;
Second Prize, £10;
Three Prizes of £5 each;
and numerous smaller prizes.

Special Prize for Ladies. A six-guinea costume, which the winner may have made anywhere and send the bill to us.

In the event of ladies winning the 1st and 2nd prizes, the special prize will go to the lady next most nearly correct. Should gentlemen win the 1st and 2nd prizes, the Special Prize will go to the lady most nearly correct.

Below will be found ten sets of words, each set describing the name of a well-known football player.

Write down in the spaces provided the names of all those players you can discover. If you can't find all, put down as many as you can.

NOTE THESE FACTS. . .

- Names must be written in ink.
- Where there are two or more players of the same name, the initials may be indicated in the words describing the name, and should be put on the solution.
- Only one name is allowed against each set of words.
- The names are those of Association players only.
- When you have filled up your list, cut it out and keep it by you until we tell you to send it in.
- You may send in as many sets of lists as you like, but each set will be accepted independently.

The first prize of £25 will be given to the reader from whom we receive the greatest number of correct solutions. The second prize will be given to the reader of the next most nearly correct solutions, and so on. In the event of a tie, the prizes will be divided at the discretion of the Editor, whose decision is final.

THE FIRST LETTER OF THE CORRECT NAME IS GIVEN IN EACH CASE

- Example:
A Firearm Gun
11. Garden Tools for Scraping 11. R
12. An Extensive Wood 12. F
13. A kind of Fish and a Village ... 13. C
14. Military Engagements 14. B
15. A Drink 15. B
16. Railway Carriage 16. C
17. Satisfactory Victory 17. G
18. Husks of Ground Corn 18. B
19. A Small Twenty-Hundred-Weight 19. L
20. A Well-known Writer 20. B

Name.....
Address.....

Cut to edge—>

In order that competitors may have plenty of room to write their solutions, the coupon should be cut through the margin of the paper to the edge.

All the names depicted will be found in "Football Who's Who," which contains the biographies of nearly a thousand players, and can be obtained for 1s. 2d., post free, from the publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

There is no need for the housewife or housekeeper to be inexperienced if she follows HOME NOTES.

SOME NEW STORIES ABOUT MR. McKINLEY

Anecdotes and Smart Sayings of the Late President.

Mr. McKINLEY was a man of fine parts. A son of the soil, whose early life had been spent in comparative poverty, there was a certain amount of reserve about him which impressed itself on his personality, giving the man a somewhat unique character. Yet his mind was broad and luminous and was capable of fine conceptions and seeing difficult situations in their true light, a characteristic of his which he had cultivated from early manhood and which stood him in great stead at the White House.

An intimate friend—with whom he was chatting one day on the subject of his will—remarked upon the smallness of the President's estate, whereupon Mr. McKinley said: "No, I don't leave much, but what I do leave was honestly acquired, for it never cost anybody a tear nor my country a farthing."

A number of Senators were talking on the different forces and powers of the world, and the conversation naturally drifted onwards to the subject of the heads of States.

"I don't envy any one of them that power which Providence has given to them," said McKinley, "but there is one thing of which I may be allowed to boast, which is, I fear no man. I fear neither the revolver of the burglar nor the spleen of an injured citizen"—a curious and pathetic sentiment in the light of what has occurred at Buffalo.

A MONTH TO READ A NOVEL.

Mr. McKinley was a careful reader; he slowly digested every line and every sentiment printed and expressed; that no doubt was the effect of his legal training. He cared little for fiction, but one day a friend caught him busily reading a popular novel, whereupon the visitor expressed some little surprise.

"Well," said McKinley, "there's more reality about fiction than there is about fact, and it takes me longer to read it than a State Treaty. Come in a fortnight's time and you will probably hear that I've got about half way through this book—but what I read I remember for a lifetime."

That his heart was with the people from whose ranks he sprang is exemplified in the following pretty incident. He was driving with his wife round the town of Troy. Passing through one of the more quiet streets he espied a little girl with a hand-camera trying to get a snapshot of him and Mrs. McKinley. The young maiden exhibited every trace of nervousness and the keen quick eye of the President noted her embarrassment. He stopped the carriage, and leaning over the side, advised the young artist to get a little farther back, when she would secure a better picture. The child did so, and after being snapped, Mr. McKinley drove off.

CHEERED IN CHURCH.

In religion, the late President professed Methodism. He regularly attended the church of his denomination in the city of Washington whilst in residence at the White House. With that respect due to his position, no worshipper left his or her place till Mr. McKinley rose to go, and then all streamed out after him. On a certain occasion he was attending church in state.

A smart young lady, on seeing the President rising to depart after the service was over, broke all traditions sacred to the heart of Mr. McKinley, and, standing upon one of the benches, waved her lace handkerchief and called for "cheers for the President." The cheers thundered out in the sacred edifice, and the President acknowledged them with becoming gravity, but when he came up with the young lady he smiled at her and said: "I thank you for your kindness, but don't let me have to thank you again for the same favour."

Mr. McKinley was deeply attached to our late Queen. It was something deeper than a mere formal respect such as is shown by one ruler for another. In the President's case, it received its inspiration from the fact that he was of the same flesh and blood as those who, only two or three generations back, owed their allegiance to the immediate predecessor of Her Majesty.

Mr. McKinley sent General Miles to represent the United States at the last Jubilee festivities, and in an official letter he said: "Americans have always regarded your Majesty as a woman quite as much as a sovereign." True and well-said.

On the news of the death of the Queen reaching him he exclaimed to those standing about him: "She was a model woman whom the women of English speech everywhere have revered and copied. She has shown to the world the depths and the riches of those duties that are woman's; to the world the depths and the riches of those duties that appertain to the man or woman who is called to the highest station in the land."

The tariff duties with which his name is associated and known the world over made him the man of the American hour.

Entering the American Parliament in 1871, he soon became chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and it was whilst filling this position that he conceived the plan of the closest form of protection ever raised by a Government. The effect of it was to prevent the products, particularly of the cheap sort, of a foreign power entering the United States. This measure is known as the McKinley Tariff Act of 1890.

Whilst this Bill was before the country he traversed all the States of the Union, speaking before many millions of the electorate, his speeches lasting in duration from ten minutes to one hour. In two days he once delivered no fewer than twenty-five speeches in favour of his Bill, whilst the total number he made during the entire campaign, which off and on occupied two years, reached over one thousand. It is estimated that during that period he must have shaken hands with 15,000,000 people. At the end of that long campaign the only remark he made to his friends, who inquired of him as to his possible success, was: "Well, it is distinctly encouraging."

Like the mother of M. Loubet, President of the French Republic, Mr. McKinley's mother shook her head doubtfully when she was congratulated on her son William's accession to the highest position in the country. "I had rather my William be a Methodist bishop than anything else in the world," she said.

DIDN'T WANT TO HARNESS THE HORSE.

The late President was in his early life intended for the ministry. When a lad of sixteen his brother David, who was the superintendent of a coal mine, came into the room where William was studying his Latin grammar, and peremptorily ordered him to harness his pony by a certain time in order to go to a dance.

When he had gone William turned round on his aunt and said:

"Aunt, don't you think it is humiliating for a Methodist and a Latin scholar to have to hitch up a horse for a brother to go to a dance?"

In his lawyer days young McKinley every day on going to his office had to pass a pork-butcher's shop where were regularly displayed every morning some fine sausages. These were priced at "twenty cents," whereas in the evening this figure was reduced to "ten cents," and the card put in a place where no sausages were to be seen. Why this change of price should be made worried the future president (says a correspondent in M. A. P.).

One day he went inside the shop, talked about the weather and then alluded to the sausages and their price.

"Ten cents," said the shop-keeper.

"But," said McKinley, "they were twenty cents this morning."

"So they were, Mr. McKinley," said the unabashed sausage merchant. "Then I had 'em; now I haven't. Sausages at ten cents is simply to get me a reputation for cheapness. See?"

WHEN HE WAS SERGEANT.

Mr. McKinley ranked as a major in the American army, having won that position by hard work. He joined as a private during the run of the Civil War. Promoted to sergeant he was present at the battle of Antietam and had charge of the commissariat. Whilst the bullets were flying thick and fast, Sergeant McKinley bravely passed along the fighting lines giving out hot coffee and food to the soldiers. "Here, lads," he cried out, "here's something to keep your fire up!"

Five years ago, when the presidential elections were on, Mr. McKinley was at home at Canton, Ohio, where everyone but himself was anxiously awaiting the results. McKinley stood calm and unmoved by the clamour of the wires and the wave of excitement that was beating all round him. He smoked on serenely, smiled, and when most of the returns were received and told of his majority he said to those about him:

"Say, don't make too sure of matters yet awhile. It is altogether too soon for us to hear from the far-off States. We must wait for more figures." He was the coolest man in Ohio.

"PA, what is a lake?"

"A lake, Jimmie, is a large body of water surrounded by men, women, and children in bathing suits."

BLOGS: "I see Tone's house was knocked down at the auction the other day."

GROGS: "Ha! I thought he wouldn't be able to keep it up."

"I SUPPOSE your wife misses you a great deal?" inquired the woman of the man from London, who was waiting to see her husband.

"Well, no, mum. For a woman she has a remarkably straight aim, mum," was the reply.

MAGISTRATE: "You say you are innocent. How do you explain the fact that you were found near the scene of the robbery with the stolen property in your hands?"

PRISONER: "That's what's puzzlin' me, too, yer worship."

A NOVEL LUNCHEON.

A COLONIAL celebrity the other day related a pleasant reminiscence of a luncheon party in the Far East. It happened among the Dyaks. He had been away from home once, and, on returning, found his man had been sent to prison for theft—thieving is the commonest of crime out there; so he invited the magistrate to lunch. Then, to his dismay, he found his cook also had been incarcerated. He put it to the magistrate. What could be done? No cook, no luncheon!

"Oh," said the dignitary, "we'll have him out on bail to cook the lunch and then send him back."

And they did.

"HAVE there been any symptoms of insanity in your family?" asked the medical examiner of the applicant for insurance.

"Yes, sir—er—that is, my sister once refused a man worth £50,000."

THINGS PEERS DO AND DO NOT.

A PEER has a certain number of privileges, some of which, however, he scarcely ever makes use of. He is free from arrest in all civil actions, and in such cannot be outlawed; he is exempt from serving on juries; from taking his turn as Sheriff, and, in case of riot, the posse comitatus, or Sheriff's posse, as called in America. He is tried in case of treason and felony by other peers. And suppose he should be condemned to capital punishment, he can be beheaded instead of being hanged. A peer gives his judgment not on oath but on honour. Libel against a peer is a far, theoretically, more serious offence than against other people, and anyone committing this offence can be tried for what is called scandalum magnatum.

But this is practically obsolete. Peers have the privilege of sitting covered in courts of justice, and on the Lord Kingsale, may remain covered in the presence of Royalty. Peers have the privilege in Parliament of wearing Parliamentary robes of scarlet cloth, with bars of ermine on the shoulders, the different number of bars marking the different grades. These, however, are worn on very few occasions. For instance, when on being created a peer he and his two sponsors, or introducers, all wear them; also when serving as Lord Commissioner of the King, in the House of Lords and on other great occasions, such as coronations and royal funerals.

"I AM suffering from brain-fag, doctah," said Sapphedda. "Fish is good for that, isn't it?"

"Very good," replied the doctor. "Suppose you begin with a medium-sized whale every morning for breakfast."

FATHER (severely): "I notice that Charles kissed you on leaving again to-night. I tell you frankly I don't like it."

Daughter (sweetly): "Perhaps not, papa, but Charles does."

THE LIEUTENANT WON HIS BET.

A YOUNG Lieutenant in a crack regiment was on account of his gambling propensities transferred to another regiment, as the honesty of some of his dealings was rather doubtful.

Now Captain Dash of his late regiment, and Major Blank of his fresh regiment were old friends, and two days after the young officer's arrival in his new quarters, the Major received the following note from Captain Dash.

"Dear Blank.—Let me warn you against young 'I. Don't be drawn into betting with him on any account, for he has the luck of the devil, and rarely loses a bet."

The Major put the note in his pocket, and thought no more about it.

About a week after this, in the officers' mess one night, the Lieutenant began to talk and make fun of Irishmen.

Now the Major was an Irishman, and was very touchy upon the subject of his nationality, and as he had a very fiery temper few dared broach the subject in his presence.

"Major," said the Lieutenant, "I have heard that Irishmen have black roofs to their mouths, is it true?"

"It's a lie, sir," roared the Major.

"I'll bet you ten pounds that the roof of your mouth is black," said the Lieutenant.

The Major took the bet, and invited every man in the room to look in his mouth, and see for themselves.

They did so, and each declared that it was red. The Lieutenant was the last to look, and to get a better view, he gently took hold of the Major's chin with one hand, and the tip of his nose with the other, pressed them apart, and looked in.

He stepped back and admitted that he had lost the bet, and after apologising to the Major he left the room.

Two days after this the Major received a letter from Captain X., as follows:

"You fool, I cautioned you specially against betting with 'I., and now I am in a good fix because you have done so. Before he left here, he bet me £1,000 that he would pull your nose in the presence of the whole mess, and not be court-martialled for it."



New Potatoes Made to Order, and Boots that Poison your Feet.

In no branch of trade is there so much trickery and downright swindling as in dealers of all forms of provisions. Foodstuffs are the most easily adulterated and manipulated. Take potatoes, for instance, an article you would think it impossible to fake. Perhaps, you have noticed that there are apparently new potatoes on the market before new potatoes can by any possible means be produced.

You are deluded into buying them in the belief that they are really the new product, but that they have come from a far away warmer climate. The truth of the matter is that the previous year, when they were very cheap, large quantities were bought by speculators who put them in cold storage, and reap about a hundred per cent. on this deal eight or ten months later.

There would be no fault to find with such speculations if it were a success, but it is not; the potatoes cook watery, discoloured and insipid, but they sell at a high price because they are the first in the market.

Another method of making the new potato before it is seasonably due, is that practised by costers, and even some supposedly respectable greengrocers.

The potatoes are first thoroughly washed and then put into a bag with some fine sand; by so manipulating a bag of this kind the skin can be easily loosened and they will have all the appearance of the genuine article.

EGGS AT SIXPENCE A DOZEN.

Eggs are another article much tampered with. Fresh laid eggs will always fetch one and six a dozen, but Russian eggs, mostly preserved, can be bought for sixpence a dozen. By interspersing these with the new laid, the tradesman can readily swell his profits very considerably. If people were to complain more than they do and insist upon fresh eggs being given them for all that were found to be wrong, it would do much to stop the practice. But they don't.

A milk and dairyman told P.W. confidentially that he had practised this for years and seldom had complaints, because most people hate to bother about little things, and when there was an occasional one who would complain he would soon make it right by supplying fresh goods.

There are very few things that he cannot cheat you over in some way. You might think that in such things as bottled and tinned goods there is comparative safety; but there you are wrong again, for it is possible to buy up old stock, a year old or even three years old, at a great reduction, but when they are put upon the shelves with a small quantity of the newest stock of the same goods, there is no telling the difference, since they are all labelled alike, and are not dated. This is a matter of paying the full price for inferior goods, and can be done on scores of things too numerous to mention.

There are other tricks. Take the weighing of oatmeal. The dishonest tradesman has it put up in bags say of half a stone, some time before it is sold, and each bag about three ounces short. If it stands for a week it will then weigh up the full seven pounds. It is such trickery, practised in the thousand and one ways possible, that add a big profit, though a dishonest one, to the greengrocer's revenue.

WOMEN ARE EASILY CHEATED.

It is rather remarkable, when you look into the subject, to find that the trades that are the most tricky are those which depend almost entirely upon women as customers. Tradesmen have often said that they preferred to deal with women because they were more gullible. They are always looking for bargains and where they can get things cheapest, and can be told almost anything. On the other hand, if a man does any shopping, he usually knows a thing or two; he knows what he wants, and whether the price is about right.

Take the draper's business; why, the frauds practised are astounding.

Cotton serge cloth, every atom of cotton, worth 3s. 6d., becomes, when sent to the large shops and warehouses, "woollen serge, guaranteed not to shrink, full dress-lengths 7s. 6d.," and women buy it for such and do not know the difference.

Flannelette is another article that is seldom what its name implies. It is mostly all cotton, but so dressed up that a woman would have to be a good judge to know it. Some goods marked all-wool haven't an ounce of wool in them. There is a cloth which, when first woven, is so thin that a paper can be read through it; yet when the same piece is finished it is a full heavy fabric, and the transformation is due to nothing more than a tricky manipulation in the finishing. If the article is ever put into water afterwards it will ruin it.

When one considers what boots are and how they are made, it does not look as though there was much chance for fraud in boots and shoes, but there is, and any amount of it. Strange to say, it is women's and children's shoes that are faked for the market, far more often than men's wear. There are any amount of waste scraps left over by the larger and more reputable concerns, and these are bought up cheaply by unscrupulous manufacturers, and so treated that they are reduced to a pulp, and it is then compressed and is used for making soles and heelings, covered with a thin strip of better quality. But there is no wear in it, and if they even become thoroughly wet it will all fall to pieces.

Some boot manufacturers in the North were heavily fined recently, because they used chemicals for the dressing of the leather and insides of boots that was so poisonous as to have caused a great many serious complaints of blood poisoning, which brought the factory inspectors after them. Yet the cost of a good article for the same purpose was so little more than the inferior stuff that they were using that it was hardly appreciable to a manufacturer who used any quantity. The fines they had to pay may teach them a lesson, for it will take a lot of profit to make them good.

Thus it will be seen that it is not only the small tradesmen who are tricky, but big concerns, having huge capital invested. Indeed, it is almost an axiom that the bigger the monopoly, the greater the meanness or dishonesty in small things, because they can be practised with so much certainty of hiding them.

TELEPHONE TYRANTS.

The telephone companies are among the wealthiest, but they seldom pay for what they receive, as they expect others to do. They are the worst trespassers in existence. They have no right to string their wires over any man's property without just compensation; but they do it constantly. A Birmingham man who bought a piece of property found that there were sixty wires over it, for which nothing had ever been paid. He promptly demanded one pound per wire per year, and finally compromised on thirty pounds a year for three years. It is quite the usual thing for those in the know to get compensation now, many a man having his home lighted free by electricity where the wires pass over his property.

Telephone companies have another little trick of making one line bring in two rentals by means of what is known as super-imposing. It is thus possible to arrange for two persons, at different points, to use the wire at the same time. A person can always tell if he is speaking on a super-imposed line, because there is an unmistakable buzzing noise in the receiver caused by induction, and it is much worse on a wet day than on a fine one. In some towns as much as fifty per cent. of the wire is super-imposed, which, of course, means that much extra profit. In the United States and part of the Continent super-imposing is not allowed.

There is another little trick the operators have, and that is tapping the wire so that all your conversation is overheard. When you hear a slight clicking sound, and at the same time the voice at the other end grows fainter, you may know that the operator is listening. If you will speak to the operator and let her know that you are aware of it, she will at once switch off, and the line will become clear and the voices distinct.

HOW HE SPELLED CAT.

An old army surgeon who was fond of a joke, if not perpetrated at his own expense, was somewhat severe in his remarks on the literary delinquencies of some of the officers appointed from civil life. At mess recently a young officer remarked:

"Doctor, are you acquainted with Captain Daah?"

"Yes, I know him well," replied the doctor. "But what of him?"

"Nothing in particular," replied the officer. "I have just received a letter from him, and I wager you a case of wine that you cannot tell in five guesses how he spells cat."

"Done," said the doctor, "it's a wager."

"Well, commence guessing," said the officer.

"K-a-double-t."

"No."

"C-a-t-e."

"No, try again."

"K-a-t-e."

"No, you've missed it again."

"Well, then," returned the doctor, "c-a-double-t."

"No, that's not the way; try once more; it's your last guess."

"C-a-g-t."

"No," said the wag, "that's not the way; you've lost the bet."

"Well," said the doctor with some petulance of manner, "how does he spell it?"

"Why, he spells it c-a-t," replied the wag with the utmost gravity, amid the roars of the mess; and almost choking with rage, the doctor sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"Gentlemen, I am too old to be trifled with in this manner."

MRS. MONEYBAGS: "I want something in oils suitable for my dining-room."

Shopman: "We don't keep sardines, ma'am; this is a fine art warehouse."

WASHING DOWN LONDON.

It would have to be Done by Hand, and the Cost would be Enormous.

THOUGH a washing-down of London's big buildings would be most welcome, it would hardly be the easy job some people are apt to consider it. For the lay mind to grasp some idea of the amount of cost and the amount of labour that would be required for so vast an undertaking, it need only be said that to be carried out successfully, or to speak more accurately, to be carried out thoroughly, the job would have to be done almost entirely by hand.

It has been suggested in some quarters, and seriously, that the Metropolitan Fire Department be set on the job, and do the washing-down with a strong pressure of water; but not only does such a scheme present innumerable difficulties, but even if it were put into practice the result could not possibly be other than highly unsatisfactory. As for instance: In the first place a difficulty would be had in obtaining the water; for no matter how readily the water companies might be inclined to fall in with such a scheme, at the regular rates, those Londoners who a few years back had for several days to do almost entirely without this precious household fluid during the water famine will easily conceive how limited the supply is. And the hundreds of thousands of tons of water that would be used up would hardly add to this supply.

Then, as Mr. Bird, secretary to the County Council committee governing the fire department kindly pointed out to P.W., how could the fire engines of the County of London be spared? There are just enough of these, with a few reserves for emergencies, to efficiently guard against any calamitous conflagration that might any time at a moment's notice present itself, and where would the safety of our Metropolis be if when suddenly called for these engines were not at their stations?

But even if these difficulties were surmounted, what would be the result? All the water in the world, if squirted on the buildings of London with the force supplied by fire engines, would not wash them down properly.

It might remove the outer dust, but when the job was considered finished, the buildings would be left streaky, and in many of the older ones the solid blacks would still remain.

As an example of this, the writer has before him a chipping off one of the stones but recently removed from the tower under repairs at Westminster Abbey. It is a piece of Roche Abbey stone put in during former repairs between the years 1480 and 1500, and identified as such by Mr. Wright, the clerk of the Abbey works. This chip was left under a tap of running water all night, with additional pressure put on, but the morning showed not the slightest appreciable difference, and it now remains as black as ever.

The carbon and acids of the soot, dirt, and other foreign matters have so sunk into the pores of the stone that they form a black coating quite the thickness of ordinary black enamel on a bicycle.

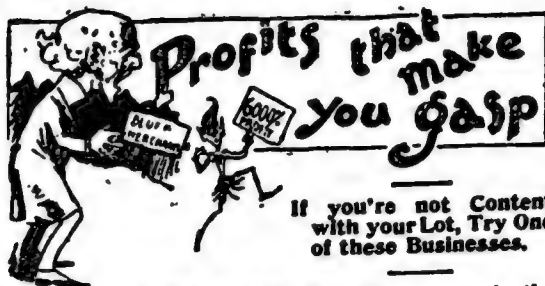
In the western states of America for gold mining purposes there have at times been put into operation great pumping contrivances, with such hydraulic pressure that the force of the water has literally washed away the sides of mountains; but if any pressure approaching this were turned on London buildings it would do more damage than good. Cornices and ornamental work would be ruined, and holes might be torn even in the flat stones of the buildings. It might also be mentioned that even an ordinary pressure of water would have a detrimental effect on ornamental sculpture work and figures, as wherever there was the least decay it would be sure to wash away.

As has been said before, the only way London could be effectively cleaned would be by hand, and that with a sharp grit worked by thousands of workmen, with what are called York stone rubbers. During such operations London would appear one great mass of scaffolding, the erection of which, with the amount of labour that would be required, would run the costs up into millions.

Take, for instance, such a building as the Royal Exchange. It would cost about £2,000 to wash down this building by hand, and when it was done, it would be found its original whiteness had not been obtained, for washing down always colours the stone, and leaves it with a sort of reddish appearance. The rubbing off of its outer surface would be helping the stone to decay, and all the ornamental work and figures would be reduced, perhaps, several inches in size, as the decay that has already set in would have to be chiselled down if the job was to be complete. Then, unless it received a regular wash down with water say about once a year, in ten years it would be as black as ever again.

In Paris they have a system of scraping down buildings with an ordinary iron scraper, which is called "dragging"; but Paris is quite a different place to London, and the buildings never begin to get so black.

It may safely be stated that if the proper washing down of London were undertaken the cost would amount to about one shilling per square foot, a id estimating the buildings as being sixty feet high, a low average, without allowing for windows, as cornices and sculpture work would make up for them, the patriotic Englishmen who undertook to pay for this task would find they had to foot a bill of about £150,000 per mile of buildings.



ABOUT £5 a week is often taken by a coster in the winter, while £15 or £16 on a Saturday in the summer is not unusual. Of these sums half is profit, so who would not be a costermonger?

This statement of the average earnings of costermongers may seem astounding to those ignorant of the inner working of the business, but it was made incidentally during the progress of a case recently heard at Worship Street. Few people who make big profits will acknowledge the fact; it is not human nature to do so, but these little known truths often percolate through during the trying of cases in the courts of law.

It is fairly well known that waiters receive only small wages, but in the course of a recent action in the King's Bench it was stated that a certain waiter, employed at a well-known West-end restaurant in Oxford Street, received no wages at all. Not only was this the case but the man, an Italian, had to provide an assistant at his own cost. In spite of this payment he admitted his earnings amounted to £3 or £4 a week. As a matter of fact this is below the average earnings of a waiter at a fashionable restaurant. Such men earn remarkable sums in the way of tips, and often have to pay their employers handsome premiums.

Gunsmiths would appear to make enormous profits, if one can judge from the statements made in a case resulting from the compulsory purchase of property for the purpose of Strand improvements. A gunsmith and dealer in cycle accessories declared that some of the articles sold by his firm showed profits of from 200 to 300 per cent. On revolvers costing 5s. each they sometimes made as much as 25s. clear profit apiece. Certainly this appears to be a profitable trade.

6667 PER CENT. PROFIT.

Six thousand six hundred and sixty-seven per cent. profit should satisfy any man. This is the amount the London and South-Western Railway Company had to pay the owners in respect to a siding in Hampshire. For an acre of land that was worth only £60, the railway company paid in all £4,000. Even then the owners do not appear to have been satisfied, as they failed in an action they brought against the company in respect of tolls to which they claimed they were entitled.

Farmers are noted for their complaints of poverty. When a farmer borrows money at 300 per cent., it would seem impossible for him to wipe out the debt. Yet Judge Bompas, K.C., the other day, mentioned a case with which he was personally acquainted, where a farmer had borrowed money at this rate in order to purchase some cows. These he sold subsequently at a profit of 1,000 per cent. Hence, if the respective profits of the farmer and the money-lender be taken into consideration, it will be seen that the farmer comes out far ahead.

Dressmaking in its higher branches offers extraordinary profits. Even the actual dressmakers have big salaries for women. A woman cutter or fitter in one of the big houses will get from £15 to £30 a month. A forewoman in the skirts and bodices department will receive from £10 to £20 a month, while a good saleswoman will receive a minimum salary of £20. It is stated that some with a good personal appearance and of persuasive manners receive as much as £50 a month. The fact is the demand, like that for competent nurses, is far greater than the supply, but mediocrity stands no chance.

HALF-CROWNS FOR SOBS.

It is a far cry from these handsome salaries to begging, although many mendicants appear to make good livings. In a case heard at a London police-court a short time ago it was shown that a thirteen-year-old boy earned from two shillings to three shillings each evening. He sold matches, and often took home five shillings on Saturday night. Girls earn much more than this by means of hysterical sobs and pitiable tales about lost half-crowns, and other inventions, to catch the warm-hearted person.

Professional beggars find their calling very remunerative. An example may be given which shows this in a very ludicrous manner. A Parisian agent of police was convinced that he recognised in a tattered beggar a frequenter of fashionable clubs and social gatherings, a well-known boulevardier, M. Jean Legoff. An examination before the Police Commissary yielded the fact that M. Legoff was a mendicant by day and a man of luxury by night. He obtained a comfortable income, and several hundred franc notes and a cheque-book were found upon his person.

Equally remarkable is the "fill cadger." The new profession is a Colonial product, and, from a case which has become public at Sydney, appears to be a paying one. The mendicant, respectably dressed, accosts the passer-by, and, explaining that he has left his tobacco pouch at

home, says he would be obliged for a pipeful of tobacco. At the day's end a valuable accumulation of "fills" is the result. This is sold to the tobacconists, after it has been divided into classes. Here is a profitable profession.

Big profits are being made by the manufacture of spurious shillings from genuine silver. At first sight this may appear absurd but it is a fact and is due to the depreciation of the value of silver bullion. At the present time silver is worth only about 2s. 3d. an ounce, but coined into money it becomes worth more than 5s. an ounce.

Naturally these spurious coins cannot be detected by their weight, which is the same as that of the genuine coins; in fact, they will pass all tests. As will be seen, they yield a profit of over a hundred per cent. to the manufacturer.

Much of the fine, clear honey which is sold is a fraud yielding a big profit. It consists of a special mixture of glycerine and treacle, and can be bought in the comb, which is also a manufactured article of the same class.

Large profits are now being made in London by a very ingenious method of manipulating butter. At a cost of a penny a pound it is treated with water, the result of the operation being an increase in weight of no less than fifteen per cent. To show how profitable this dodge is, take the case of 1cwt. of butter; after treatment the selling price will be increased by an amount of 13s. 4d. The treatment of a ton results in adding £13 6s. 8d. to its selling price; after deducting the penny a pound paid for the treatment, the buttermen make a substantial clear profit of fully £5 a ton.

Milkmen make big profits by giving large measure. One man, who was charged in London the other day with giving short measure, was asked how he did it.

"You twirl the milk round until it makes a whirlpool, and then turn it out quickly into the jug," was his ready reply.

CHILDREN PAINTED FOR THE CAMERA.

Cupid's Bows and Plump Cheeks Made to Order.

"VAIN mothers of pretty children often present them at the studio ridiculously made up," said a fashionable photographer.

"One tiny mite of three years, whose face was pretty enough to please the most fastidious, had the child-like features thickly powdered, the eye-lashes darkened, and the lips reddened. As a theatrical make-up the work was right enough, but I persuaded the mother to at once clean away the falsity and permit the child to appear in her natural sweetness.

"At first she declined to please me, but eventually yielded, still insisting on maintaining the darkened lashes. The photograph was fairly satisfactory; the lady, however, acknowledged it to be perfect.

"A dainty girl of twelve, whose natural hair was black as jet, appeared with locks of light yellow brown, the result of constant bleaching, according to the mother's statement. Peroxide of hydrogen had been employed, which I explained was dangerous to the coarse hair of adults, much more so to the delicate hair of young children.

"In self-defence she declared that she disliked dark hair for girls, and though proud of her daughter's beauty, her tresses had always been a disappointment to her; besides, she argued, fair hair looked so pretty in a photograph.

"It was painful to see a little maid wearing plumpers to render the somewhat thin cheeks round and plump. The rubber discs such as some Society ladies wear were kept in position with difficulty, much to the annoyance of the parent, who specially desired a beautiful and successful picture. The plumpers had to be removed after all, greatly to my satisfaction.

"A child, whose hair was very thin and straight, wore a wig of cupid-like curls borrowed especially for the occasion. This was not a bad idea, certainly, but, after all, the picture could not be expected to deceive friends and relatives.

"It is not a very unusual practice for mothers to darken the skin under the eyes and at the corners, imparting thereby the shadows that some consider a great beauty. The thing is, of course, overdone, the child being rendered hollow-eyed and ghastly. Lips lightly touched to give the Cupid bow shape to the mouth is a trick more often done than may be imagined, and in some instances the result is not displeasing.

"Such make-up is not gratifying to the sensitive mind, and no sensible photographer cares to encourage it."

"TOMMIE, is your mamma at home?" asked a lady caller coming up the gravel walk.

Tommie, who was peeping around the corner of the house, gave a guilty start and then replied meekly: "That's jist wot I wuz tryin' t' find out; I've bin swimmin'."

"DID Mrs. Suddenriche make a good selection in pictures for her new house?"

"Yes, indeed. She has cool pictures for hot days and warm pictures for cold days."

"Goodness! What do you mean?"

"Why, her summer landscapes are all snow scenes and her winter pictures conflagrations."

HOW WE'RE INVADING AMERICA.

Yankee Theatres with British Actors, and Yankee Firms with British Chiefs.

SOME recent American statistics go to show that out of about 75,000 immigrants who arrived there within a recent period of five months, nearly 40,000 came from the United Kingdom, while the remaining 35,000 came from other parts of the world. This is nothing new. A commission appointed for the purpose could hardly go into any great American factory, any of the great American shops, or any of the large American business offices, without finding what would appear, comparatively, an enormous number of Britons working there. And, what is more, if it inquired further it would find not only that they were generally very much respected, but that a very high value was placed upon their services. And the peculiar thing about the English portion of workmen in America is that only a minority of them ever become naturalised, the greater number remaining loyal to the mother-country, and openly avowing that they are only waiting until they have saved money to return to it.

What, perhaps, gave the first notice of the present American invasion, as it was called, was the coming of American theatrical companies to this country. When this was called an invasion, people who know the other side of the case were apt to smile.

It is a fact, and one to be learned by the smallest amount of inquiry, that for years and years past there has been an invasion of at least five English theatrical companies in America to one American company in England. As, for instance, here are names of some of the leading actors who have been making almost annual trips to the States. Sir Henry Irving, who goes there every year, and the knowledge of whose knighthood was received with as much satisfaction in the States as it was at home. Wilson Barrett, E. S. Willard, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Beerbohm Tree, Olga Nethersole, Mr. John Hare, Mr. George Edwards' Gaiety companies, Mrs. Langtry, the late William Terris, the Savoy companies, and a score of others. It is hard to think of all the names, there have been so many. And the fact that they return there again and again is the best proof of the reception they get.

And another thing that will seem very strange to Englishmen not in the know is that almost half of the leading and lesser actors who make America their permanent home are English.

Then the English dramatists who have "invaded" America are without number, and the fees which they have drawn to spend in England are enormous. A capital conception of how great the English theatrical invasion has been in America may be gleaned from the fact that about five years ago, when the play *The Heart of Maryland* first came out, Mr. Belasco, the author, had sandwich men going about the principal New York thoroughfares with the following notice printed on their boards: A rooster crowed, "Cock-a-doodle-do! *The Heart of Maryland!* The only American play, by an American author, and played by American actors on Broadway!" And as Broadway is New York's chief thoroughfare, and has on it about twelve theatres, people can judge how matters stood fairly well for themselves.

The prominent, and even lesser, English and Scotch novelists have also "invaded" America without number. Ask almost anyone of them, and he will promptly and frankly tell you that he receives more from the American sales of his books than he does from the English. There is ever so much greater a reading clientele in the States.

But it is not only dramatists, actors, and authors who have upheld England's competition in America. It would be almost as hard as finding the proverbial needle in a haystack to look for American whiskies or beers in English public-houses or hotels. And yet you could hardly find a public-house or hotel in America where you could not call for Scotch or Irish whisky the same as if you were at home, or for Allsopp or Bass ale and beer, and Guinness's stout.

Sunlightsoaps as well known in America as in England, as is also Reckitt's blue, the writer not remembering ever having heard of any other kind over there. Then, until the recent high American tariff came, English clothes were always given the preference over American, and American cloth has only become popular since English workmen have begun to make it.

And as for British capital! It would be hard to find an American railway, or an American mine of any character, in which British capital is not greatly invested. There are millions and millions of pounds of British money invested in various American industries, as there is also in American land and real estate, and in almost everything American that produces interest. And though the British capital lies in America, the interest is spent in Britain. And it is the money that is spent that counts.

These are only a few of the things to be mentioned, as there is not space for more; so when people shake their heads and talk gloomily of the Americans taking everything from us, don't you mind. England will not be eaten up as quickly as you think; for, if there is just now really a great invasion of England by America, there is, and always has been, a really great invasion of America by England.

Fettered Lives.

A STORY OF THE PRISON AND THE STAGE.

By Henry Farmer.

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

REGINALD STANLEY.
A convict, falsely accused of the murder of Sir Ronald Dunnarvon, who has escaped from prison and is acting in *Fettered Lives* Company under the name of KEITH LESLIE. He is in love with Emma Conyers.

EMMA CONYERS.
The stage name of Stanley's sweetheart, Amy Cunningham. Also in *Fettered Lives* Company.

CULLY SCOTT (alias the "Smasher").
A convict who has escaped from prison with Stanley, and who has forced Gilderoy to engage him and his partner in the company to cover their escape.

AUSTIN BRIDGEMAN.
A "hard about town" in league with Harley Garside to commit burglaries.

HARLEY GARSIDE.
An actor-burglar. In love with Emma and jealous of Stanley.

CRUMP.
A Scotland Yard detective, in charge of both the capture of the convicts and the discovery of Garside's robberies.

RADSTONE.
Playing part of hero in *Fettered Lives*, but discharged for being intoxicated. His part is given to Stanley.

JAM BLOOM.
ZOE DELISLE.
GLADYS MELLOR.
Acting in *Fettered Lives*.

THE PREVIOUS CHAPTER (Synopsis).

THE Death Trap is the great scene in *Fettered Lives*. The hero is standing on a scaffold, a rope round his neck. A candle near by is burning a rope. When burnt through, the trap-door will collapse. In the play the hero (Keith Leslie) is saved at the last moment. To-night the audience is horrified to see him drop, which must mean certain death. It is followed by a woman's agonised scream, and the play stops in confusion. What has happened?

CHAPTER XXVII. (continued).

Almost a Tragedy.

HOARSE shouts and the sounds of scurrying feet followed the scream. But a hush, the strained hush of suspense, had fallen upon the audience. Men and women stared into one another's bloodless faces with questioning looks of horror. Had the worst happened?

A man sprang out of the stalls; vaulted over the orchestra-barrier; clambered up on to the stage; and vanished behind the proscenium.

"Doctor Markham!" faintly whispered a hundred lips.

Some tried to glean comfort from the presence of a doctor, but others told themselves that no living being could have survived that awful drop. The rope had been severed; but not before it had run taut.

Presently the curtain fluttered. Men's hearts stood still as Gilderoy, all the florid colouring gone from his face, appeared. Every ear was strained to catch what he should say.

"Ladies and gentlemen"—he spoke huskily and with an obvious effort—"I deeply regret to have to tell you that Mr. Leslie has been seriously injured; but, thank heaven! not so seriously as was at first feared. I must ask you to leave the theatre as quietly as possible."

Pent-up feelings found relief in a long drawn chorussed sigh. Then the auditorium emptied silently and swiftly.

Besides horror, there was an element of personal grief about the men and women who, unable to tear themselves away, clustered in groups outside the theatre, whispering with bated breath. The frank, breezy young hero of the melodrama had impressed them with his personality. They felt that they knew him. Their hearts ached for him. It is always terrible to think of youth and strength stricken suddenly. Many could not forget that woman's piercing cry of agony, and shaped a fanciful romance in their minds.

While some lingered in front of the theatre, others, hoping to gain more definite information, hurried round to the stage door.

All news travels apace. A couple of stalwart police stood beneath the flickering lamp. A whispering, excited crowd had already gathered.

Who spoke them first none knew, but they passed from lip to lip, the words "foul play!"

The whisperings deepened into a sullen murmur. And some of the lads who had been in the gallery, rough fellows and many of them wearing clogs, muttered that if they could only lay hands on the beggar that had played the young actor-chap foul they'd "purr" the life out of him.

A couple of scene shifters, local men, emerged from the stage door. They were surrounded instantly by an excited, questioning crowd.

"They've got 'im!" cried one of the men huskily, "the dirty 'ound!"

"He, who?" questioned a dozen voices.

"Radstone, the chap that 'ad been chucked out o' the theatre for bein' blind drunk and whose part poor Leslie took up at a moment's notice. He must 'ave sneaked back into the theatre, meanin' mischief. They stopped 'im as he was sneakin' away from under the stage, and the police 'ave 'im. 'E'd tapped the speakin'-tube through which the word to let go the trap was given. Underneath the stage they found the tubin' 'ad been

slipped off the pipe runnin' up into the prompt corner. The stage carpenter, Cobb, who was workin' the lever of the trap, swears 'e 'eard the signal clear and distinct; but Gilderoy, who was up above, never give it. I was near to 'im when it 'appened, and the mouthpiece weren't up to his lips even. I s'pose the dirty 'ound thought 'e'd be able to sneak away in the confusion; but they've got 'im, and if I'd got a say in the matter 'e'd swing for to-night's job!"

There was a hoarse murmur of approbation. "And the poor young actor-chap?" questioned someone.

"'E's 'urt bad; but it's a miracle things ain't worse. He struck on a 'eap of old carpettin' and scenery in the well before the rope ran taut. If the rope 'adn't run out as it did, nothin' in the world could 'ave saved 'is neck. As it was 'e might 'ave been strangled if the rope 'adn't been cut so quick by Nelson. 'Cos after 'e'd struck the 'eap, 'is knees gave way under 'im and 'e rolled off, and the rope was taut then."

"Now then, stand back ther!" cried one of the policemen.

The crowd opened out. A cab passed through to the stage door.

"Hah! They're bringing him out!"

The crowd pressed forward. All eyes were riveted on the doorway.

"Eh, poor lad!" half-choked a woman, hatless and with a plaid shawl about her shoulders, one of those who had been in the gallery. "Eh, poor lad!"

Two men, supporting a third, were passing out slowly. The light of the flickering lamp above fell upon Rex Stanley, his eyes half closed, the stage-paint still upon his features only adding to their ghastliness; upon the doctor, wearing a look of professional calm; upon Cully Scott, alias the Smasher, his face set and grey as ash, a curious fixed droop about the corners of the bull-dog mouth. Gilderoy and other members of the company, still in their stage clothes, followed behind. Gilderoy entered the cab. The others watched it drive away; then returned slowly into the theatre.

The crowd still waited. The silence that had been given way to a sullen, ominous murmur.

Another cab drove up. Four policemen left it and entered the theatre.

The woman with the plaid shawl stooped and picked up a stone.

Luxmore was one of those who had followed Stanley to the cab. He returned silently to his dressing-room. Garside was there. He had changed and was himself. Under ordinary circumstances his ghastly pallor and nervous shake would have attracted attention. But the shock of the disaster had unnerved everyone. It was a night of pale faces and trembling limbs.

"It's like a nightmare," muttered Luxmore; "poor Leslie! But thank heaven, it's no worse. You didn't see it actually happen, did you, Garside?"

"No!" stammered Garside, "thank heaven, no! I—I was half-way down the stairs leading below the stage when I heard the crash of the trap and—those awful shouts. When I reached the stage the rope had been cut. Such things are horrible to me. I didn't want to see; I didn't want to hear! I wanted to get away from the horror of it all. I want to get away from it all now. I'm a coward."

He buried his face in his hands. To Luxmore Garside was only behaving in accordance with his nervous, highly-strung temperament. There were times when he acted more like a woman than a man.

"Even now," said Luxmore, "I can hardly bring myself to believe Radstone guilty of such a dastardly act. He always seemed to me a decent enough fellow so long as he was sober. But, there, drink turns some men into fiends, and, apart from to-night's business, he was jealous of Leslie. There's no doubt that Zoe Delisle had thrown over Radstone and was chucking herself at Leslie on every possible occasion. Women and drink! Great heaven, but they've a lot to answer for."

Luxmore had started to remove the grease paint from his features with vaseline. His hands were almost as unsteady as Garside's.

"I'm sure Leslie never gave Zoe any encouragement. I've often smiled to myself at his efforts to dodge her embarrassing attentions. As a matter of fact, I'm certain there's something between him and Miss Conyers. Poor girl! I caught her in my arms when she fainted. Her scream is still ringing in my ears. She's in her dressing-room now, and the other women are taking care of her. She's well nigh delirious. As I passed just now it cut me to the quick to hear her moans. It's been a nightmare of a night. I hope I shall never go through anything like this again as long as I live!"

Garside drew in his breath with a hissing sound, and drove the nails deep into the palms of his hands.

"Radstone's still in the theatre," continued Luxmore, "I fancy they're a little bit afraid of the crowd outside and are waiting for more police before taking him to the station. It will be a case of penal servitude for him, I should say. Drink must have made a madman of him. The whole business haunts me like a bad dream."

"For heaven's sake, man," cried Garside, almost fiercely, "stop piling on the agony! You seem to take a morbid pleasure in dwelling on the subject. Why not

be thankful that things—things are no worse. Leslie's had a narrow shave; but—but his life's not in danger."

He had stammered rather noticeably. With an abrupt "good-night" he left the dressing-room. Through an opening he could see the stage. The curtain was down, but floats and border lights were blazing out. The scene, the trap still gaping open, remained as it had been at the time of the accident. Among those on the stage was an inspector of police jotting down notes in a pocket-book.

With an uneasy shifting of his eyes, Garside passed along the corridor. Then, suddenly, he stopped and clutched at his side as if a sharp spasm of physical pain had attacked his heart.

From behind a closed door a low moaning had reached him, and the words "Let me go to him, let me go to him!"

And then a voice said, "H'ah, dearie, h'ah! There, there, there! You mustn't take on so. You should rather be thankful that things are no worse. There, there, there! I heard the doctor say that Mr. Leslie would soon be himself again!"

"You're saying this to comfort me. Oh, let me go to him!"

And then another voice, a child's voice, sobbing out broken words of sympathy.

There was an agonised look of remorse on Garside's writhing features as he sped away.

"Oh, my God!" he whispered under his breath, "Oh, my God! What have I done, what have I done!"

And then other sounds fell upon his ears.

A sharp, snatchy, hungry snarl that changed into a savage roar. Then the crash of shivering glass and the shrill screams of police-whistles.

He stopped again, and as he stood on the stairs leading up to the stage door, shuddering and irresolute, the inspector he had seen on the stage dashed up and past, followed by others.

The mob had torn Bert Radstone from the police as they were conveying him from the stage door to the cab. Truncheons were out. Stones were flying!

A fierce, but disciplined rush, and the police had regained possession of their man. While some kept the crowd at bay with their truncheons others bore him back into the theatre. But he was no longer recognisable!

They had taken Stanley to his rooms—Gilderoy, Doctor Markham, and Cully Scott. He was still in a state of semi-stupor when they removed his clothes and placed him in bed; but he was able to whisper faintly that they were awfully good to him, and, reaching out for one of the Smasher's gnarled hands, he gave it a feeble squeeze, and whispered, still more faintly, that he was to tell her not to worry or grieve. He was not really badly hurt. The Smasher's strong mouth quivered, and the droop at the corners deepened.

After all-essential sleep had been induced by an injection of morphia, the three men adjourned into the adjoining sitting-room.

"This is a terrible business, Mr. Gilderoy," said Doctor Markham in a low voice, "but, as far as our patient is concerned, I don't think there is cause for serious anxiety. The physical damage is, comparatively speaking, slight. The effect of the concussion and the strain of the neck-muscles should be got rid of in a few days. I'm much more anxious about what may be the damage to the nervous system. The mere shock of his ghastly experience would have been sufficient to kill some men. But he's young, and his splendid and healthy physique indicates healthy and strong nerves. I expect great things from the morphia, one of nature's greatest blessings and greatest curses. I know the landlady here, Mrs. Mellon, and I'm sure she will be competent to look after him through the night. I shall be here again in the early morning."

"Parding me, sir," said the Smasher huskily, "but that's my job. I've done a bit o' sick-nursin' in my time!"

"We," added Gilderoy, rather hastily, "will both of us stay the night."

The doctor had glanced rather doubtfully at the Smasher. There was but little about him suggestive of the sick-nurse. But the Smasher had spoken the truth. In prison infirmaries convicts act as nurses and doctor's orderlies.

After the doctor's departure Gilderoy turned on Cully Scott.

"For your own sake and his"—he jerked his thumb in the direction of the bedroom—"keep yourself in the background."

"Yus. I will, arter to-night. But I'm a-goin' to watch by 'im to-night."

Gilderoy still hated this man who had him so completely in his power, but circumstances had compelled him to make common cause with him that night.

"It was a mercy, mister," said the Smasher, after a pause, his gnarled hands working unpleasantly, "that I was too took up with my young toff, or if I'd 'ave got a grip on that durned rat, Radstone, there'd 'ave been one rat less in the world!"

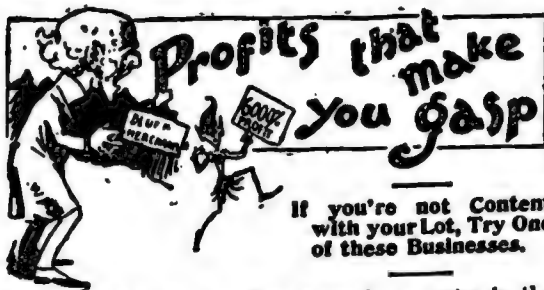
There was a big element of the savage animal in the man; but in the supreme moment the instinct to succour the man to whom he was devoted, body and soul, had prevailed over all else.

"The vile young blackguard," muttered Gilderoy, selecting a big cigar from his case, "but he'll get ten years, at least. That's one consolation."

The Smasher eyed him for a moment rather curiously. To him, knowing what he did, it was a case of the pot calling the kettle black. Then he crept quietly into the bedroom. The small, keen eyes dimmed as they rested on Stanley's face, calm and peaceful now under the influence of the narcotic.

"The only church," he muttered chokingly, as he clasped his huge hands together, "that I was ever in, as far as my knowledge goes, was the prison chapel, and I ain't got no fixed kind o' prayer at the tip o' my tongue; but I reckon 'Im what's above, 'Im what weren't ashamed to speak kind to the thief alongside, won't be 'ard on what I says, so long as it comes from the 'eart."

You cannot buy "P.W." pencil-cases, but there is no reason why you should not win one. Ask or do something curious or funny, that may bring one.



ABOUT £5 a week is often taken by a coster in the winter, while £15 or £16 on a Saturday in the summer is not unusual. Of these sums half is profit, so who would not be a costermonger?

This statement of the average earnings of costermongers may seem astounding to those ignorant of the inner working of the business, but it was made incidentally during the progress of a case recently heard at Worship Street. Few people who make big profits will acknowledge the fact; it is not human nature to do so, but these little known truths often percolate through during the trying of cases in the courts of law.

It is fairly well known that waiters receive only small wages, but in the course of a recent action in the King's Bench it was stated that a certain waiter, employed at a well-known West-end restaurant in Oxford Street, received no wages at all. Not only was this the case but the man, an Italian, had to provide an assistant at his own cost. In spite of this payment he admitted his earnings amounted to £3 or £4 a week. As a matter of fact this is below the average earnings of a waiter at a fashionable restaurant. Such men earn remarkable sums in the way of tips, and often have to pay their employers handsome premiums.

Gunsmiths would appear to make enormous profits, if one can judge from the statements made in a case resulting from the compulsory purchase of property for the purpose of Strand improvements. A gunsmith and dealer in cycle accessories declared that some of the articles sold by his firm showed profits of from 200 to 300 per cent. On revolvers costing 5s. each they sometimes made as much as 25s. clear profit apiece. Certainly this appears to be a profitable trade.

6,667 PER CENT. PROFIT.

Six thousand six hundred and sixty-seven per cent. profit should satisfy any man. This is the amount the London and South-Western Railway Company had to pay the owners in respect to a siding in Hampshire. For an acre of land that was worth only £60, the railway company paid in all £4,000. Even then the owners do not appear to have been satisfied, as they failed in an action they brought against the company in respect of tolls to which they claimed they were entitled.

Farmers are noted for their complaints of poverty. When a farmer borrows money at 300 per cent., it would seem impossible for him to wipe out the debt. Yet Judge Bompas, K.C., the other day, mentioned a case with which he was personally acquainted, where a farmer had borrowed money at this rate in order to purchase some cows. These he sold subsequently at a profit of 1,000 per cent. Hence, if the respective profits of the farmer and the money-lender be taken into consideration, it will be seen that the farmer comes out far ahead.

Dressmaking in its higher branches offers extraordinary profits. Even the actual dressmakers have big salaries for women. A woman cutter or fitter in one of the big houses will get from £15 to £30 a month. A forewoman in the skirts and bodices department will receive from £10 to £20 a month, while a good saleswoman will receive a minimum salary of £20. It is stated that some with a good personal appearance and of persuasive manners receive as much as £50 a month. The fact is the demand, like that for competent nurses, is far greater than the supply, but mediocrity stands no chance.

HALF-CROWNS FOR SOBS.

It is a far cry from these handsome salaries to begging, although many mendicants appear to make good livings. In a case heard at a London police-court a short time ago it was shown that a thirteen-year-old boy earned from two shillings to three shillings each evening. He sold matches, and often took home five shillings on Saturday night. Girls earn much more than this by means of hysterical sobs and pitiable tales about lost half-crowns, and other inventions, to catch the warm-hearted person.

Professional beggars find their calling very remunerative. An example may be given which shows this in a very ludicrous manner. A Parisian agent of police was convinced that he recognised in a tattered beggar a frequenter of fashionable clubs and social gatherings, a well-known boulevardier, M. Jean Legoff. An examination before the Police Commissary yielded the fact that M. Legoff was a mendicant by day and a man of luxury by night. He obtained a comfortable income, and several hundred franc notes and a cheque-book were found upon his person.

Equally remarkable is the "fill cadger." The new profession is a Colonial product, and, from a case which has become public at Sydney, appears to be a paying one. The mendicant, respectably dressed, accosts the passers-by, and, explaining that he has left his tobacco pouch at

home, says he would be obliged for a pipeful of tobacco. At the day's end a valuable accumulation of "fills" is the result. This is sold to the tobaccoists, after it has been divided into classes. Here is a profitable profession.

Big profits are being made by the manufacture of spurious shillings from genuine silver. At first sight this may appear absurd but it is a fact and is due to the depreciation of the value of silver bullion. At the present time silver is worth only about 2s. 3d. an ounce, but coined into money it becomes worth more than 5s. an ounce.

Naturally these spurious coins cannot be detected by their weight, which is the same as that of the genuine coins; in fact, they will pass all tests. As will be seen, they yield a profit of over a hundred per cent. to the manufacturer.

Much of the fine, clear honey which is sold is a fraud yielding a big profit. It consists of a special mixture of glycerine and treacle, and can be bought in the comb, which is also a manufactured article of the same class.

Large profits are now being made in London by a very ingenious method of manipulating butter. At a cost of a penny a pound it is treated with water, the result of the operation being an increase in weight of no less than fifteen per cent. To show how profitable this dodge is, take the case of 1cwt. of butter; after treatment the selling price will be increased by an amount of 13s. 4d. The treatment of a ton results in adding £13 6s. 8d. to its selling price; after deducting the penny a pound paid for the treatment, the buttermen make a substantial clear profit of fully £5 a ton.

Milkmen make big profits by giving large measure. One man, who was charged in London the other day with giving short measure, was asked how he did it.

"You twirl the milk round until it makes a whirlpool, and then turn it out quickly into the jug," was his ready reply.

CHILDREN PAINTED FOR THE CAMERA.

Cupid's Bows and Plump Cheeks Made to Order.

"VAIN mothers of pretty children often present them at the studio ridiculously made up," said a fashionable photographer.

"One tiny mite of three years, whose face was pretty enough to please the most fastidious, had the child-like features thickly powdered, the eye-lashes darkened, and the lips reddened. As a theatrical make-up the work was right enough, but I persuaded the mother to at once clean away the falsity and permit the child to appear in her natural sweetness.

"At first she declined to please me, but eventually yielded, still insisting on maintaining the darkened lashes. The photograph was fairly satisfactory; the lady, however, acknowledged it to be perfect.

"A dainty girl of twelve, whose natural hair was black as jet, appeared with locks of light yellow brown, the result of constant bleaching, according to the mother's statement. Peroxide of hydrogen had been employed, which I explained was dangerous to the coarse hair of adults, much more so to the delicate hair of young children.

"In self-defence she declared that she disliked dark hair for girls, and though proud of her daughter's beauty, her tresses had always been a disappointment to her; besides, she argued, fair hair looked so pretty in a photograph.

"It was painful to see a little maid wearing plumpers to render the somewhat thin cheeks round and plump. The rubber discs such as some Society ladies wear were kept in position with difficulty, much to the annoyance of the parent, who specially desired a beautiful and successful picture. The plumpers had to be removed after all, greatly to my satisfaction.

"A child, whose hair was very thin and straight, wore a wig of cupid-like curls borrowed especially for the occasion. This was not a bad idea, certainly, but, after all, the picture could not be expected to deceive friends and relatives.

"It is not a very unusual practice for mothers to darken the skin under the eyes and at the corners, imparting thereby the shadows that some consider a great beauty. The thing is, of course, overdone, the child being rendered hollow-eyed and ghastly. Lips lightly touched to give the Cupid bow shape to the mouth is a trick more often done than may be imagined, and in some instances the result is not displeasing.

"Such make-up is not gratifying to the sensitive mind, and no sensible photographer cares to encourage it."

"TOMMIE, is your mamma at home?" asked a lady caller coming up the gravel walk.

Tommie, who was peeping around the corner of the house, gave a guilty start and then replied meekly: "That's jist wot I wuz tryin' t' find out; I've bin swimmin'."

"DID Mrs. Suddenriche make a good selection in pictures for her new house?"

"Yes, indeed. She has cool pictures for hot days and warm pictures for cold days."

"Goodness! What do you mean?"

"Why, her summer landscapes are all snow scenes and her winter pictures conflagrations."

HOW WE'RE INVADING AMERICA.

Yankee Theatres with British Actors, and Yankee Firms with British Chiefs.

SOME recent American statistics go to show that out of about 75,000 immigrants who arrived there within a recent period of five months, nearly 40,000 came from the United Kingdom, while the remaining 35,000 came from other parts of the world. This is nothing new. A commission appointed for the purpose could hardly go into any great American factory, any of the great American shops, or any of the large American business offices, without finding what would appear, comparatively, an enormous number of Britons working there. And, what is more, if it inquired further it would find not only that they were generally very much respected, but that a very high value was placed upon their services. And the peculiar thing about the English portion of workmen in America is that only a minority of them ever become naturalised, the greater number remaining loyal to the mother-country, and openly avowing that they are only waiting until they have saved money to return to it.

What, perhaps, gave the first notice of the present American invasion, as it was called, was the coming of American theatrical companies to this country. When this was called an invasion, people who know the other side of the case were apt to smile.

It is a fact, and one to be learned by the smallest amount of inquiry, that for years and years past there has been an invasion of at least five English theatrical companies in America to one American company in England. As, for instance, here are names of some of the leading actors who have been making almost annual trips to the States. Sir Henry Irving, who goes there every year, and the knowledge of whose knighthood was received with as much satisfaction in the States as it was at home. Wilson Barrett, E. S. Willard, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Beerbohm Tree, Olga Nethersole, Mr. John Hare, Mr. George Edwardes' Gaiety companies, Mrs. Langtry, the late William Terras, the Savoy companies, and a score of others. It is hard to think of all the names, there have been so many. And the fact that they return there again and again is the best proof of the reception they get.

And another thing that will seem very strange to Englishmen not in the know is that almost half of the leading and lesser actors who make America their permanent home are English.

Then the English dramatists who have "invaded" America are without number, and the fees which they have drawn to spend in England are enormous. A capital conception of how great the English theatrical invasion has been in America may be gleaned from the fact that about five years ago, when the play *The Heart of Maryland* first came out, Mr. Belasco, the author, had sandwich men going about the principal New York thoroughfares with the following notice printed on their boards: A rooster crowed, "Cock-a-doodle-do! *The Heart of Maryland!*" The only American play, by an American author, and played by American actors on Broadway! And as Broadway is New York's chief thoroughfare, and has on it about twelve theatres, people can judge how matters stood fairly well for themselves.

The prominent, and even lesser, English and Scotch novelists have also "invaded" America without number. Ask almost anyone of them, and he will promptly and frankly tell you that he receives more from the American sales of his books than he does from the English. There is ever so much greater a reading clientele in the States.

But it is not only dramatists, actors, and authors who have upheld England's competition in America. It would be almost as hard as finding the proverbial needle in a haystack to look for American whiskies or beers in English public-houses or hotels. And yet you could hardly find a public-house or hotel in America where you could not call for Scotch or Irish whisky the same as if you were at home, or for Allsopp or Bass ale and beer, and Guinness's stout.

Sunlightsoaps as well known in Americans in England, as is also Reckitt's blue, the writer not remembering ever having heard of any other kind over there. Then, until the recent high American tariff came, English cloths were always given the preference over American, and American cloth has only become popular since English workmen have begun to make it.

And as for British capital! It would be hard to find an American railway, or an American mine of any character, in which British capital is not greatly invested. There are millions and millions of pounds of British money invested in various American industries, as there is also in American land and real estate, and in almost everything American that produces interest. And though the British capital lies in America, the interest is spent in Britain. And it is the money that is spent that counts.

These are only a few of the things to be mentioned, as there is not space for more; so when people shake their heads and talk gloomily of the Americans taking everything from us, don't you mind. England will not be eaten up as quickly as you think; for, if there is just now really a great invasion of England by America, there is, and always has been, a really great invasion of America by England.

The beautiful and the rich, the married and the unmarried ladies, all read HOME NOTES.

Fettered Lives.

A STORY OF THE PRISON AND THE STAGE.

By Henry Farmer.

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

REGINALD STANLEY.
A convict, falsely accused of the murder of Sir Ronald Dunnarvon, who has escaped from prison and is acting in *Fettered Lives* Company under the name of KEITH LESLIE. He is in love with Emma Conyers.

EMMA CONYERS.
The stage name of Stanley's sweetheart, Amy Cunningham. Also in *Fettered Lives* Company.

CULLY SCOTT (alias the "Smasher").
A convict who has escaped from prison with Stanley, and who has forced Gilderoy to engage him and his partner in the company to cover their escape.

ARTHUR BRIDGEMAN.
A "man about town" in league with Harley Garside to commit burglaries.

HARLEY GARSIDE.
An actor-burglar. In love with Emma and jealous of Stanley.

CARP.
A Scotland Yard detective, in charge of both the capture of the convicts and the discovery of Garside's robberies.

RADSTONE.
Playing part of hero in *Fettered Lives*, but discharged for being intoxicated. His part is given to Stanley.

SAV BLOSSOM.
ZOE DELISLE.
GLADYS MELLON.
Acting in *Fettered Lives*.

THE PREVIOUS CHAPTER (Synopsis).

THE Death Trap is the great scene in *Fettered Lives*. The hero is standing on a scaffold, a rope round his neck. A candle near by is burning a rope. When burnt through, the trap-door will collapse. In the play the hero (Keith Leslie) is saved at the last moment. To-night the audience is horrified to see him drop, which must mean certain death. It is followed by a woman's agonised scream, and the play stops in confusion. What has happened?

CHAPTER XXVII. (continued).

Almost a Tragedy.

HOARSE shouts and the sounds of scurrying feet followed the scream. But a hush, the strained hush of suspense, had fallen upon the audience. Men and women stared into one another's bloodless faces with questioning looks of horror. Had the worst happened? A man sprang out of the stalls; vaulted over the orchestra-barrier; clambered up on to the stage; and vanished behind the proscenium.

"Doctor Markham!" faintly whispered a hundred lips.

Some tried to glean comfort from the presence of a doctor, but others told themselves that no living being could have survived that awful drop. The rope had been severed; but not before it had run taut.

Presently the curtain fluttered. Men's hearts stood still as Gilderoy, all the florid colouring gone from his face, appeared. Every ear was strained to catch what he should say.

"Ladies and gentlemen"—he spoke huskily and with an obvious effort—"I deeply regret to have to tell you that Mr. Leslie has been seriously injured; but, thank heaven! not so seriously as was at first feared. I must ask you to leave the theatre as quietly as possible."

Pent-up feelings found relief in a long drawn chorused sigh. Then the auditorium emptied silently and swiftly.

Besides horror, there was an element of personal grief about the men and women who, unable to tear themselves away, clustered in groups outside the theatre, whispering with bated breath. The frank, breezy young hero of the melodrama had impressed them with his personality. They felt that they knew him. Their hearts ached for him. It is always terrible to think of youth and strength stricken suddenly. Many could not forget that woman's piercing cry of agony, and shaped a fanciful romance in their minds.

While some lingered in front of the theatre, others, hoping to gain more definite information, hurried round to the stage door.

All news travels apace. A couple of stalwart police stood beneath the flickering lamp. A whispering, excited crowd had already gathered.

Who spoke them first none knew, but they passed from lip to lip, the words "foul play!"

The whisperings deepened into a sullen murmur. And some of the lads who had been in the gallery, rough fellows and many of them wearing clogs, muttered that if they could only lay hands on the beggar that had played the young actor-chap foul they'd "purrr" the life out of him.

A couple of scene shifters, local men, emerged from the stage door. They were surrounded instantly by an excited, questioning crowd.

"They've got 'im!" cried one of the men huskily, "the dirty 'ound!"

"He, who?" questioned a dozen voices.

"Radstone, the chap that 'ad been chucked out o' the theatre for bein' blind drunk and whose part poor Leslie took up at a moment's notice. He must 'ave sneaked back into the theatre, meanin' mischief. They stopped 'im as he was sneakin' away from under the stage, and the police 'ave 'im. 'E'd tapped the speakin'-tube through which the word to let go the trap was given. Underneath the stage they found the tubin' 'ad been

slipped off the pipe runnin' up into the prompt corner. The stage carpenter, Cobb, who was workin' the lever of the trap, swears 'e 'eard the signal clear and distinct; but Gilderoy, who was up above, never give it. I was near to 'im when it 'appened, and the mouthpiece weren't up to his lips even. I s'pose the dirty 'ound thought 'e'd be able to sneak away in the confusion; but they've got 'im, and if I'd got a say in the matter 'e'd swing for to-night's job!"

There was a hoarse murmur of approbation. "And the poor young actor-chap?" questioned someone.

"'E's 'urt bad; but it's a miracle things ain't worse. He struck on a 'eap of old carpettin' and scenery in the well before the rope ran taut. If the rope 'adn't run out as it did, nothin' in the world could 'ave saved 'is neck. As it was 'e might 'ave been strangled if the rope 'adn't been cut so quick by Nelson. 'Cos after 'e'd struck the 'cap, 'is knees gave way under 'im and 'e rolled off, and the rope was taut then."

"Now then, stand back there!" cried one of the policemen.

The crowd opened out. A cab passed through to the stage door.

"Hah! They're bringing him out!" The crowd pressed forward. All eyes were riveted on the doorway.

"Eh, poor lad!" half-choked a woman, hatless and with a plaid shawl about her shoulders, one of those who had been in the gallery, "Eh, poor lad!"

Two men, supporting a third, were passing out slowly. The light of the flickering lamp above fell upon Rex Stanley, his eyes half closed, the stage-paint still upon his features only adding to their ghastliness; upon the doctor, wearing a look of professional calm; upon Cully Scott, alias the Smasher, his face set and grey as ash, a curious fixed droop about the corners of the bull-dog mouth. Gilderoy and other members of the company, still in their stage clothes, followed behind. Gilderoy entered the cab. The others watched it drive away; then returned slowly into the theatre.

The crowd still waited. The silence that had been given way to a sullen, ominous murmur.

Another cab drove up. Four policemen left it and entered the theatre.

The woman with the plaid shawl stooped and picked up a stone.

Luxmore was one of those who had followed Stanley to the cab. He returned silently to his dressing-room. Garside was there. He had changed and was himself. Under ordinary circumstances his ghastly pallor and nervous shake would have attracted attention. But the shock of the disaster had unnerved everyone. It was a night of pale faces and trembling limbs.

"It's like a nightmare," muttered Luxmore; "poor Leslie! But thank heaven, it's no worse. You didn't see it actually happen, did you, Garside?"

"No!" stammered Garside, "thank heaven, no! I—I was half-way down the stairs leading below the stage when I heard the crash of the trap—and those awful shouts. When I reached the stage the rope had been cut. Such things are horrible to me. I didn't want to see; I didn't want to hear! I wanted to get away from the horror of it all. I want to get away from it all now. I'm a coward."

He buried his face in his hands. To Luxmore Garside was only behaving in accordance with his nervous, highly-strung temperament. There were times when he acted more like a woman than a man.

"Even now," said Luxmore, "I can hardly bring myself to believe Radstone guilty of such a dastardly act. He always seemed to me a decent enough fellow so long as he was sober. But, there, drink turns some men into fiends, and, apart from to-night's business, he was jealous of Leslie. There's no doubt that Zoe Delisle had thrown over Radstone and was chucking herself at Leslie on every possible occasion. Women and drink! Great heaven, but they've a lot to answer for."

Luxmore had started to remove the grease paint from his features with vaseline. His hands were almost as unsteady as Garside's.

"I'm sure Leslie never gave Zoe any encouragement. I've often smiled to myself at his efforts to dodge her embarrassing attentions. As a matter of fact, I'm certain there's something between him and Miss Conyers. Poor girl! I caught her in my arms when she fainted. Her scream is still ringing in my ears. She's in her dressing-room now, and the other women are taking care of her. She's well nigh delirious. As I passed just now it cut me to the quick to hear her moans. It's been a nightmare of a night. I hope I shall never go through anything like this again as long as I live!"

Garside drew in his breath with a hissing sound, and drove the nails deep into the palms of his hands.

"Radstone's still in the theatre," continued Luxmore. "I fancy they're a little bit afraid of the crowd outside and are waiting for more police before taking him to the station. It will be a case of penal servitude for him, I should say. Drink must have made a madman of him. The whole business haunts me like a bad dream."

"For heaven's sake, man," cried Garside, almost fiercely, "stop piling on the agony! You seem to take a morbid pleasure in dwelling on the subject. Why not

be thankful that things—things are no worse. Leslie's had a narrow shave; but—but his life's not in danger."

He had stammered rather noticeably. With an abrupt "good-night" he left the dressing-room. Through an opening he could see the stage. The curtain was down, but floats and border lights were blazing out. The scene, the trap still gaping open, remained as it had been at the time of the accident. Among those on the stage was an inspector of police jotting down notes in a pocket-book.

With an uneasy shifting of his eyes, Garside passed along the corridor. Then, suddenly, he stopped and clutched at his side as if a sharp spasm of physical pain had attacked his heart.

From behind a closed door a low moaning had reached him, and the words "Let me go to him, let me go to him!"

And then a voice said, "H'ah, dearie, h'ah! There, there, there! You mustn't take on so. You should rather be thankful that things are no worse. There, there, there! I heard the doctor say that Mr. Leslie would soon be himself again!"

"You're saying this to comfort me. Oh, let me go to him!"

And then another voice, a child's voice, sobbing out broken words of sympathy.

There was an agonised look of remorse on Garside's writhing features as he sped away.

"Oh, my God!" he whispered under his breath, "Oh, my God! What have I done, what have I done!"

And then other sounds fell upon his ears.

A sharp, snatchy, hungry snarl that changed into a savage roar. Then the crash of shivering glass and the shrill screams of police-whistles.

He stopped again, and as he stood on the stairs leading up to the stage door, shuddering and irresolute, the inspector he had seen on the stage dashed up and past, followed by others.

The mob had torn Bert Radstone from the police as they were conveying him from the stage door to the cab.

Truncheons were out. Stones were flying!

A fierce, but disciplined rush, and the police had regained possession of their man. While some kept the crowd at bay with their truncheons others bore him back into the theatre. But he was no longer recognisable!

They had taken Stanley to his rooms—Gilderoy, Doctor Markham, and Cully Scott. He was still in a state of semi-stupor when they removed his clothes and placed him in bed; but he was able to whisper faintly that they were awfully good to him, and, reaching out for one of the Smasher's gnarled hands, he gave it a feeble squeeze, and whispered, still more faintly, that he was to tell her not to worry or grieve. He was not really badly hurt. The Smasher's strong mouth quivered, and the droop at the corners deepened.

After all-essential sleep had been induced by an injection of morphia, the three men adjourned into the adjoining sitting-room.

"This is a terrible business, Mr. Gilderoy," said Doctor Markham in a low voice, "but, as far as our patient is concerned, I don't think there is cause for serious anxiety. The physical damage is, comparatively speaking, slight. The effect of the concussion and the strain of the neck-muscles should be got rid of in a few days. I'm much more anxious about what may be the damage to the nervous system. The mere shock of his ghastly experience would have been sufficient to kill some men. But he's young, and his splendid and healthy physique indicates healthy and strong nerves. I expect great things from the morphia, one of nature's greatest blessings and greatest curses. I know the landlady here, Mrs. Mellon, and I'm sure she will be competent to look after him through the night. I shall be here again in the early morning."

"Pardoning me, sir," said the Smasher huskily, "but that's my job. I've done a bit o' sick-nursin' in my time!"

"We," added Gilderoy, rather hastily, "will both of us stay the night."

The doctor had glanced rather doubtfully at the Smasher. There was but little about him suggestive of the sick-nurse. But the Smasher had spoken the truth. In prison infirmaries convicts act as nurses and doctor's orderlies.

After the doctor's departure Gilderoy turned on Cully Scott.

"For your own sake and his"—he jerked his thumb in the direction of the bedroom—"keep yourself in the background."

"Yus. I will, arter to-night. But I'm a-goin' to watch by 'im to-night."

Gilderoy still hated this man who had him so completely in his power, but circumstances had compelled him to make common cause with him that night.

"It was a mercy, mister," said the Smasher, after a pause, his gnarled hands working unpleasantly, "that I was too took up with my young toff, or if I'd 'ave got a grip on that durned rat, Radstone, there'd 'ave been one rat less in the world!"

There was a big element of the savage animal in the man; but in the supreme moment the instinct to succour the man to whom he was devoted, body and soul, had prevailed over all else.

"The vile young blackguard," muttered Gilderoy, selecting a big cigar from his case, "but he'll get ten years, at least. That's one consolation."

The Smasher eyed him for a moment rather curiously. To him, knowing what he did, it was a case of the pot calling the kettle black. Then he crept quietly into the bedroom. The small, keen eyes dimmed as they rested on Stanley's face, calm and peaceful now under the influence of the narcotic.

"The only church," he muttered chokingly, as he clasped his huge hands together, "that I was ever in, as far as my knowledge goes, was the prison chapel. And I ain't got no fixed kind o' prayer at the tip o' my tongue; but I reckon 'Im what's above, 'Im what weren't ashamed to speak kind to the thief alongside, won't be 'ard on what I says, so long as it comes from the 'eart."

You cannot buy "P.W." pencil-cases, but there is no reason why you should not win one. Ask or do something curious or funny, that may bring one.

which it does. And I ain't askin' for nothink for myself."

Having whispered a halting and extemporaneous prayer on behalf of his young toff, he sat himself down beside the bed.

In the next room Gilderoy, having obtained some whisky from the landlady, had esconced himself in the most comfortable chair, and was contemplating the disaster from a business point of view. There would be no more performances of *Fettered Lives* that week, but in the long run the incident would prove a splendid advertisement. People would flock to the play in which a man had been all but hanged. The faint click of a latch-key in the front door interrupted his thoughts. A moment later, Pontworth, who shared the rooms with Stanley, entered.

"It's horrible!" he whispered shakingly.

"What?"

"The crowd got Radstone away from the police. He's been frightfully injured. They've taken him to the hospital. He's not expected to live."

Gilderoy sprang to his feet.

"By heaven, you don't mean that?"

"Yes! It's horrible. Are we sure that he did it? He hasn't had a hearing yet. He was hopelessly drunk and dazed when they caught him reeling away from under the stage. Would a man as hopelessly incapable as he was have the wit to think of tapping the speaking-tube? How is poor Leslie?"

"Going on all right."

"I shall be only too glad to sit up with him—do anything."

The Smasher appeared at the bedroom door.

"Beg parding, sirs," he whispered, "but not quite so loud. Doctor said Mr. Leslie was not to be disturbed on any account."

There was a faint knock on the front door. When the landlady, who had no intention of going to bed that night, entered, it was to whisper that a number of gentlemen were outside wanting to know how Mr. Leslie was.

"I'll speak to 'em," whispered Scott, "and we must 'ave that there knocker muffled. Mister Gilderoy, I'll trouble you for your 'andkerchief."

Gilderoy, with considerable reluctance, handed over his silk handkerchief, his initials embroidered upon it in florid red letters. A little group of white-faced actors stood outside, Blobs at their head.

"E's been put to sleep," whispered Cully Scott, "and the doctor's 'opful that there ain't much damage done. We shall know to-morrow!"

And then he muffled the knocker with Gilderoy's handkerchief.

Quarter of an hour later there was another knock. Scott answered the door this time. Gladys Mellor, big-eyed, trembling, and white as a ghost, stood on the threshold.

"Nelson," she choked sobbingly, "do tell me how Mr. Leslie is? Miss Conyers wanted—to come; but she's—she's ill and light-headed—and Miss Banting is with her—and I've come to find out—do, do tell me it's good news. If—if it isn't, I daren't go back and tell Miss Conyers—it—it would kill her!"

The Smasher clutched at his "choker."

"Wait 'ere, missie," he said hoarsely.

He returned into the sitting-room where Gilderoy and Pontworth were whispering together.

"Mister Gilderoy, will you be good enough to sit alongside Mister Leslie till I comes back. I shan't be long."

A few moments later, he was hurrying away through the darkness, Gladys Mellor clinging tremblingly to his arm.

Esmée Conyers had been mercifully spared the sight of the disaster; but the cries had drawn her to the stage in time to see Cully Scott sever the quivering rope. With a scream she had swooned. They had taken her to her dressing-room. When consciousness had returned she had moaned and wept deliriously, and those around knew that she loved Keith Leslie. After a while they had taken her away in a cab to her rooms. Her one cry had been, "Let me go to him," but they had restrained her.

She lay full length on the horse-hair couch in her dingy lodging, her face buried in her hands, her soft hair wildly disordered, moaning, praying, sobbing. Rosina Banting, the motherly old lady, who played "the old woman" in the melodrama, leant over her, stroking her head and trying to comfort.

"There, there, dearie, you can't go to him now; but to-morrow, perhaps, or the day after. And Gladys will be back presently and will bring good news. You know, dearie, they said that he was hurt; but there was no real danger. You must be brave, dearie!"

"You're—only—saying this to comfort me," she sobbed. "Let me go to him!"

Then she sprang to her feet. She had heard sounds. Gladys must have returned. Panting, and pressing her hands to her bosom, she darted to the door. It opened before she could reach it.

"For God's sake, tell me!" she cried.

"E's sleepin' quiet and comfort'ble, miss," said the Smasher's husky voice. "Doctor says there ain't nothink to be afard of. And I'm speakin' the truth, as 'eaven's my judge!"

Hungry she scanned the Smasher's rugged, ugly face. Then, believing, she gave a wild cry, and, snatching up one of his huge, gnarled hands, kissed it deliriously.

"Afore 'o was put to sleep," said the Smasher, speaking with an effort, "e give my 'and a squeeze and said I was to tell you not to worrit or grieve 'cos 'e weren't 'urt bad! And what I says to you is, git to bed, miss, as I'll come round with the news fust thing in the mornin' arter the doctor 'as been. And now, askin' you to excuse me, I'm a-goin' back."

When Cully Scott emerged into the street he seemed to experience much difficulty in breathing. He stood still for a moment, loosened his "choker," and drew the back of his hand across his eyes. He was master of himself a moment later.

As he moved on again he bethought himself of what he had overheard Pontworth say to Gilderoy on the subject of Radstone's guilt. His receding forehead crinkled up.

"It must 'ave been 'im," he muttered between his teeth, "e was mad at bein' chucked out o' the theater, mad with my young toff for steppin' into 'is shoes, mad 'cos that painted wench, Delisle, 'as been tryin' to 'ook 'im. Who else 'ud want to 'arm my young toff, 'ceptin' it was Gilderoy, and, though 'e's a blackguard, 'e ain't a durned fool. Besides, the tubin' was found tampered with below the stage, and I stood by Gilderoy when it 'appened, and the mouthpiece weren't up to 'is lips. And yet when I chucked Radstone out o' the theatre 'e was stoopid, paralytic drunk. And that tubin' wanted a lot o' findin' under the stage. And it 'adn't been out. 'E'd found the join!"

The wrinkles on the low forehead deepened with a suggestion of perplexity.

"To-morrow, if there's time, I'll jest go round to the theatre and 'ave a squint round. It ain't all as clear as it might be, strikes me. I likes to git to the bottom o' things!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Detective Crump Adds to his Notes, and Develops an Interest in *Fettered Lives*.

DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR CRUMP's sojourn at Berkington had been shorter than he had anticipated. Monday late afternoon saw him back in his bachelor quarters in London.

There was a quiet look of satisfaction on his genial, homely face as he leant back in his armchair, a pipe in his mouth, his hands clasped behind his head.

"I think we are progressing," he said aloud, addressing the empty chair opposite as though it were occupied by a living person, "and I'm beginning to look upon one or two things as moral certainties"—he shook a forefinger at the empty chair—"I know, my dear fellow, I know. Moral certainties count for little when a British jury is concerned. They want solid, palpable, strike-one-in-the-face evidence. But the one is, as a rule, the precursor of the other. No, no, dear friend, I am not impatient. I never was of a bustling, hustling nature, but slow and steady is not always last in the race. I am pleased. I think my premises and the deduction I have drawn from them are logically sound."

Having polished his forehead with his handkerchief, he picked up his notes from the table—they were beginning to assume a bulky shape—and read through what he had written anent his visit to Berkington.

"VII.—Points about attempted burglary at Matcham Hall.

(a) Jemmy mark found on the shutters corresponds in measurement to those at Emford, Bloxham, and Hancaster House.

(b) Wig, found outside, made by Fox. But dozens more or less like it. Doesn't afford any clue at present. Same may be said of hat. But burglar disguised.

(c) Berkington police made a big error. Trampled over adjoining flower beds, like a lot of unthinking cattle, destroying possible imprints of feet.

"VIII.—(a) Austyn Selincourt proves to be personal friend of Lord Matcham. Four days prior to burglary he wrote Matcham saying that an old school fellow of his, Harley Garside, actor, *Fettered Lives* Company, was playing at the theatre. Matcham invited Garside to lunch. Showed him over the Hall.

(b) I visit ERA office and look up back numbers of the ERA.

'Fettered Lives' was being played at Emford at time of Emford burglary. At Bloxham at time of Bloxham burglary. At the time of Hancaster business the Company was in London, rehearsing at Globe Theatre."

Crump paused to relight his pipe.

"I don't often underline," he muttered, between his puffs, "but I do think that little bit deserves to be underlined. It strikes me that I've cracked the nut and got at the kernel. Garside, friend of Selincourt; Selincourt in each instance friend of the victims of the four burglaries, and in three out of the four cases on the premises shortly before; *Fettered Lives* company, to which this Garside belongs, in each instance in the neighbourhood when burglaries were committed—come now, my dear old friend," Crump wagged his pipe at the empty chair, "am I jumping at a rash conclusion, knowing Selincourt to be shady, remembering the remarkable fact that 'Austyn' was the master-word to the Duchess of Hancaster's strong room, am I jumping at a rash conclusion in believing that I have here something that is more than mere coincidence?"

He paused for a moment as if to give his imaginary friend time to reply, then continued:

"Don't misunderstand me. Don't imagine for one moment that I look upon ultimate and practical success assured. I am simply on the eve of battle, and my decks are cleared for action. And, by the way, here again as before, my two cases cut into one another. It was on the train bearing the *Fettered Lives* company that Stanley and my old acquaintance, the Smasher, escaped from Bleakmoor. This is a small world!"

Crump shook his head rather regretfully. From his point of view, the investigation of a series of skilful burglaries was far more interesting than the pursuit of escaped convicts. His conscience pricked him a little. Beyond instructing some of his subordinates to take certain steps, he had done nothing personally in the latter case. At the same time he consoled himself with the fact that a man cannot be in two places at the same time, nor can more than twelve hours be squeezed into a day.

He turned again to his notes:

"(c) Reference to current number of ERA informs me that *Fettered Lives* is being played this week at Aylingford.

"IX.—(a) Grogan reports to me that Tomlinson, Selincourt's new valet, is known to him. Was formerly servant to Paul Ruddock, Selincourt's one time friend, the Hampstead Heath suicide.

(Birds of a feather—if Tomlinson is anything like his former master he's a rascal.) (b) Tomlinson usually spends an hour in the evening, 9 'to 10, at the 'Cock and Feathers,' regular gentlemen's gentlemen's resort."

Crump folded up his notes, and, rising, looked at himself in a mirror.

"I think I shall drop in there to-night. Tomlinson could give me a lot of exceedingly useful information; but I am not sanguine. I don't suppose Austyn Selincourt would take into his service a man who had not learnt to hold his tongue. Still, I'll try. And to-morrow, Aylingford."

He fingered his rather scrubby beard regretfully.

"Katie and Freddie won't know their old uncle without his whiskers. But no decent, self-respecting gentleman's gentleman would wear such things. Bless their little hearts! I'm afraid I shan't see them till I get back from Aylingford—whenever that may be."

He stroked the bald patch on his head reflectively.

"I am more anxious than ever to see this thrilling melodrama *Fettered Lives*. And the individual performance that will interest me most will certainly be that of Austyn Selincourt's actor-friend, Harley Garside!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

Cully Scott Makes a Discovery.

CULLY SCOTT had illumined the darkness with a ray of hope. Esmée had doubted the others when they told her that Stanley's life was not in danger, fancying that they only spoke thus to comfort her, but she had not doubted Scott. After his departure, she passively suffered Gladys and Rosina Banting to take her to her bedroom. She was not in a fit state to be left alone. Rosina Banting prepared to pass the rest of the night in an easy chair, and the pretty, fair-haired stage-child nestled close to Esmée on the bed, her arms around her lovingly.

But Esmée could not sleep. It was a night of restless tossing to and fro. Scott had promised to bring her tidings of the man she loved. But it was so long, so long to wait. The effect of his comforting words began to wear off; torturing thoughts assailed her. When the first grey light of dawn crept through the curtains her longing to know had grown unbearable. Gladys was sleeping. The low sound of steady, even breathing came from the portly form in the easy chair.

It was torture to Esmée lying there. She must know. She could not wait. She rose and dressed herself quickly. A few minutes later, wild-eyed and wan, she was hurrying through the deserted streets. She never gave a thought to consequences, or what people might say. Love and grief had made her reckless.

The sight of the knocker, muffled with Gilderoy's handkerchief, sent a shiver through her. She knocked faintly and nervously.

The Smasher opened the door.

"S'truth!" he muttered as his eyes rested on her, "but, miss—"

"Don't blame me," she whispered, "I could not wait. I had to come—tell me, tell me!"

"E's still sleepin' as peaceful as a baby. But you didn't oughter 'ave come. Look at you. It's you as 'ull be in more need of a doctor than my young toff."

"Don't blame me—"

"Blame you! I ain't a blamin' you, miss."

"And—and"—her glittering eyes rested appealingly on the Smasher's rugged face—"let me see him, let me see him!"

The Smasher tugged at his "choker," hesitated—seldom it was that he hesitated—and was lost.

"You will. Ah, you will!"

"Yus, you shall see 'im, and if I'm doin' what ain't right, may Gawd forgive me!"

"Ah!"

"H'sh, miss. Quiet as a mouse, miss. Gilderoy's 'ere; but 'e's sleepin' like a log. Tip-toe, miss!"

Esmée followed him through the sitting-room where Gilderoy, not a pretty picture to look upon, lay back in the easy chair, his feet on the table, snoring heavily.

The Smasher placed a finger to his lips and entered the bedroom first. Then he tugged fiercely at his "choker," and turned his face away, driving his teeth into his lips.

"My love, my love!" whispered Esmée.

She pressed a kiss on Stanley's calm, peaceful face; then, sinking on her knees, hid her face in her hands. When, at last, she rose, there was a more restful look in her eyes. Once again she bent down over the bed; then, turning to Scott, she whispered softly:

"I am ready to go now!"

"You're 'appier now, miss, ain't you?" whispered Scott. "I shall be with you agen soon as the doctor's been."

It was close upon noon when Scott, his face brighter than it had been and the droop gone from the corners of his mouth, bore a favourable report to Esmée. Stanley had awakened. He was shaky, weak, and suffering from severe nervous prostration, but the doctor was more than satisfied. He had prescribed absolute quiet for the next few days, and anticipated a speedy recovery.

Leaving Esmée overjoyed, Scott turned his steps theatre-wards. The bills and posters in the town were already plastered with strips announcing that there would be no further performances of *Fettered Lives*.

"I'm jest goin' to 'ave a look round," muttered Scott as he entered the stage door. "I want to get to the bottom of this trap-door business. Mornin', sir!"

Harley Garside had brushed past him.

(To be continued.)

RED LETTER DAYS.

27th September, 1809.—An Emigrants' Information Office is now numbered amongst the Government Departments. Less than a hundred years ago, to induce a workman to leave the British dominions was a criminal offence. On this day James Hewit was indicted under an Act of George II. for having endeavoured to persuade a wool-dyer named Hutchinson to emigrate to the United States. Hutchinson's employers discovered his intention of leaving the country, and had him and Hewit arrested. The Common Serjeant, in summing up, said that the crime with which Hewit was charged was most materially connected with the manufacturing interests of the country, and accordingly sentenced him to twelve months' imprisonment and a fine of £500. Hutchinson was bound over in two sureties to remain in England.

28th September, 1842.—A fight took place eighteen fathoms under water between Corporal Jones and Private Girvan of the Royal Engineers. These men were sappers employed in recovering the portions of the wreck of the *Royal George* at Spithead. The scuffle commenced through their both getting hold of the same piece of timber, which neither would yield to the other. Jones found himself being worsted and attempted to escape up the bull-rope, but his legs were seized. In attempting to kick himself free, he broke one of the lenses of Girvan's helmet; the latter was nearly drowned through the water rushing in, but was luckily hauled up just in time to be revived.

29th September, 1613, is remarkable in the annals of London as the day when the citizens assembled to witness and celebrate by a public pageant the entrance of the New River waters to the Metropolis. This important work, of the utmost sanitary value to London, was commenced and completed by the indomitable energy of one individual, Hugh Myddleton, a goldsmith trading in Basinghall Street, after it had been declined by the Corporate body and opposed by many of the greedy landholders of Middlesex and Herts who did all they could to thwart him. When the water was brought as far as Enfield, this enterprising man was so completely drained of funds that he had to apply to the City for aid, and on their ungenerous refusal he resorted to the King, who, tempted by a moiety of the concern, paid half of the expenses. Hugh Myddleton's brother (the Lord Mayor of London) and many aldermen and gentlemen were present at the ceremony, which repaid the worthy goldsmith for his years of patient toil.

30th September, 1713.—An elegantly-dressed female, accompanied by a maid, took lodgings at a house in Soho, and informed the landlady that a friend of hers, a stranger in London, had just died; the corpse was at a wretched alehouse and she would feel obliged if it could be brought to her lodgings in order to be properly laid out. The landlady consented, and the same evening a handsome coffin was

brought and placed in the front room on the first floor. The landlady, like most of her class, dearly loved a handsome funeral; she hired a velvet pall, placed her silver candlesticks round the coffin, and spread out her silver bowls and flagons on the sideboard in readiness for the mournful festivities on the morrow. She was horrified to discover the next morning that the lodger and her maid had disappeared in the night, together with the velvet pall, the silver plate, and all that was portable of the furniture. The coffin, being opened, was found to contain brickbats packed in straw. To add to her sorrows, she was sued by the undertaker for forty guineas, the value of the pall.

1st October, 1870.—The halfpenny post-card was used for the first time in this country on the above date, the Act having been passed on August 9th. The utility of these cards was urged upon the Government by Dr. Lyon Playfair (afterwards Lord Playfair) and the idea commended itself greatly to Lord Hartington (Duke of Devonshire) who was then Postmaster-General. By the same Act it was ordered that registered newspapers, and books and patterns under two ounces, should be carried through the post for one halfpenny. Public appreciation of the introduction of post-cards may be gauged from the fact that 235,775 were posted on that day in the E.C. district alone, and 45,000 were posted at the G.P.O. for the provinces. The late Mr. Gladstone showed such predilection for the card that a comic paper dubbed him the Post-card-Master-General. The reply post-card did not come into use till 1882.

2nd October, 1874.—Just before five in the morning, about five tons of gunpowder in barrels exploded in the barge *Tilbury*, on the Regent's Canal, near the North Bridge Gate, Regent's Park, London. Three men on the barge were killed. The shock was felt about thirty miles off, and the destruction extended over about one square mile, the house of Mr. Alma-Tadema, the artist, being much injured. The powder was being conveyed in five barges, drawn by a steam-tug, from Messrs. Pigeon, Wilks, and Laurence, powder manufacturers, of London, to Derby, for blasting purposes. The verdict of the coroner's jury was that the explosion was caused by ignition of vapour from benzoline, by a fire or light in the cabin of the *Tilbury*.

3rd October, 1883.—On this day the celebrated Burnham Beeches, the remains of an ancient forest near the village of Burnham, was dedicated to the use of the public. This forest fragment consists, as its name implies, of beeches, and they are trees of very venerable age. Without a single exception they are all hollow, and one evidence of the great length of time during which they have been mere shells is afforded by the growth of a good-sized oak through the centre of one of their stems. The waste ground on which they stand that was purchased by the Corporation of London covers 350 acres. The ceremony of dedication was performed by the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, attended by the Lord Mayor of London, by various members of the Corporation, and by the Mayors of High Wycombe and Maidenhead.

Result of Cricketer Competition.

The names of only twenty-six first-class cricketers were depicted on the picture. Some of the competitors sent ninety and a hundred names, but the majority were of men of local reputation only. The Editor's decision in this matter is final.

The first and second prizes, viz., £10 and £5 respectively, have been added together and divided equally among those competitors, twenty in number, who had twenty-four out of the twenty-six possible solutions. To the remaining £17 has been added 10s., and the sum divided equally among the thirty-five competitors next in order.

Each of the following receive 15s.:

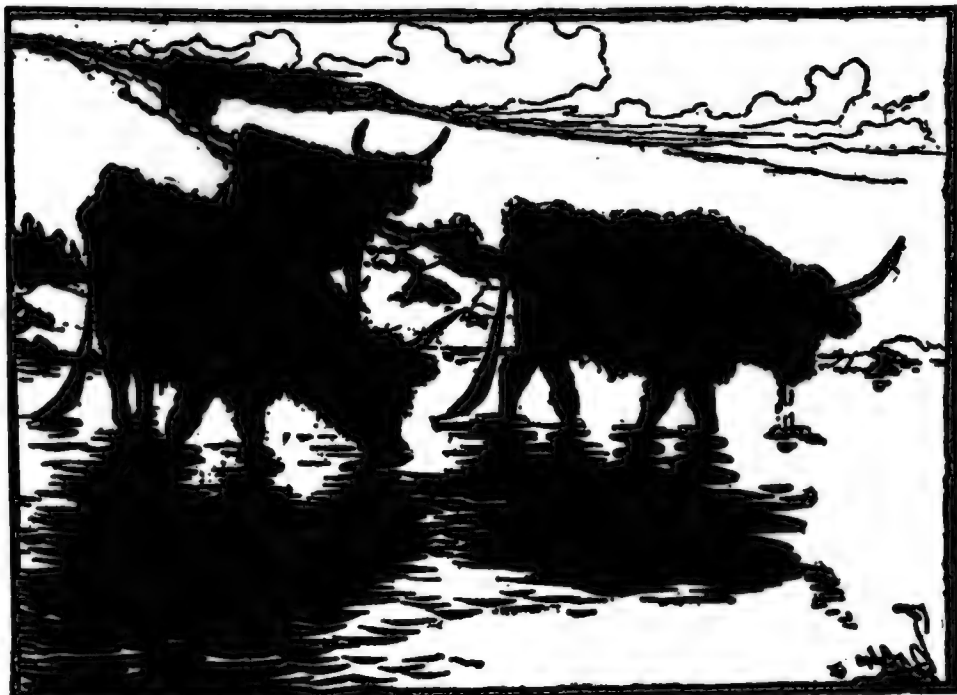
Mr. Jas. Jones, Gordon Terrace, High Street, Moxley, near Wednesbury; A. Walker, 415 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow; Mrs. Walker, 415 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow; L. Jones, 415 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow; C. Gates, 415 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow; Bertha Crickton, 415 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow; Miss Ada Crickton, 415 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow; Miss Alice Crickton, 415 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow; M. Crickton, 415 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow; E. Walker, 415 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow; W. T. Hately, 34 Broad Street, Bilston, South Staffordshire; Fred Thompson, Cemetery Road, Willenhall; Sarah Lidgett, Leamore Lane, Blorwich, near Wallall; E. Matthews, Allon Road, Willenhall; Geo. Matthews, York Villa, Willenhall; Staffa; A. Turner, 9 Lower Lichfield Street, Willenhall; C. Morgan, 63 The Green, Darlaston, near Wednesbury; Miss D. Matthews, York Villa, Willenhall, Staffa; Mary Jones, Gordon Terrace, High Street, Moxley, near Wednesbury; R. Dodd, 9 Holt St. Terrace, Wrexham.

Each of the following receive 10s.:

Martha Matthews, Allon Road, Willenhall; Fanny Coombe, 98 Wilberforce Road, Finsbury Park, N.; Miss C. H. Taylor, York Villa, Allon Road, Willenhall; C. Crickton, 415 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow; E. Coombe, 63 Wilberforce Road, Finsbury Park, N.; E. Crickton, 415 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow; E. H. Dewey, 23 Queens Road, New Cross Gate; N. Mackay, 31 Overnewton Street, Overnewton, Glasgow; K. Sutherland, 13 Haydock Road, Liscard, Cheshire; Miss E. M. Sutherland, 13 Haydock Road, Liscard; R. P. Sutherland, 13 Haydock Road, Liscard, Cheshire; Miss F. Ritchie, 57 Townfield Lane, New Brighton; Miss K. Cowhey, Haydock Drive, Egremont, Birkenhead; J. J. Cowie, Postal Survey Department, G.P.O., Liverpool; Mrs. C. Holmes, 50 Victoria Road, Aldershot, Hants.; G. Serra, 218 Broad Street, Birmingham; C. Ross, 3 Osborne Villas, St. Michael's Park, Bristol; J. H. Graham, 14 Shamrock Street, Glasgow; G. E. Smith, 14 Stone Street, Brighton; J. H. Gould, 23 Lime Street, E.C.; Miss L. Matthews, Allon Road, Willenhall; E. Moore, 285 Borough Road, Birkenhead; W. F. Love, Addlestone, Surrey; R. Leigh, 50 Spray Street, Plumstead; S. Lidgett, Leamore Lane, Blorwich, near Wallall; Miss R. Marsh, 5 Guildford Terrace, Dover; A. Matthews, York Villa, Willenhall, Staffa; G. W. Sugitt, Essex Memorial Schools, Norton, Malton, Yorkshire; W. Leo, 160 Shaw Heath, Stockport; R. Dodd, 9 Holt Street Terrace, Wrexham; G. F. Gibson, 1 Elmrose Villas, Hill Fields, Coventry; S. H. Callender, 6 Brunton Terrace, Sunderland; C. O'Brien, 112 Clement Roys Street, Rochdale, Lancs.; W. Gyde, 29 Preston Road, Bedford.

K.Y.—1. Fry; 2. Ranji (Ran G.); 3. Fane; 4. Wood; 5. Soar; 6. Gunn; 7. Fishwick; 8. Grace; 9. Woods; 10. Byrne; 11. Burns; 12. Burnup; 13. Ward; 14. Lockwood; 15. Sharp; 16. Sharpe; 17. Board; 18. Butt; 19. Newham; 20. Whitehead; 21. Gale; 22. Roberts; 23. Steel; 24. Steele; 25. Wickham; 26. Winter.

As an invigorating, strengthening beverage



Bovril has no equal, no substitute. It is a scientific preparation of the most nourishing parts of choicest beef, made under medical supervision in properly-equipped laboratories, and by the most approved machinery. There is nothing else just like Bovril;

THERE IS ONLY ONE

BOVRIL



When making a Will
Please leave something to the

Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund
for London.



ISRAEL will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader with on this page. Envelopes

A Tea Kettle should never be allowed to stand on the side of the fire with a small quantity of water in it.

When Making Blackberry Jam, I strongly advise my readers to add a quarter of a pound of sour apples to each pound of blackberries.

To Whiten Finger-nails. Cut a lemon in half and rub in well at night. Wash off in warm water the next morning.

For Inflamed Eyes use the white of an egg beaten to a froth and add to it a tablespoonful of rosewater. Apply with a piece of cotton wool, which must be changed as often as it dries.

Victoria Pudding. Take two eggs and their weight in butter, flour and sugar. Add a tablespoonful of marmalade and a pinch of carbonate of soda. Beat all together, add a very little milk, pour into a greased mould and steam for two hour and a half. Turn out to serve and pour round a nice sweet sauce, flavoured with a generous tablespoonful of marmalade.

This Whitewash Recipe will, I feel sure, be satisfactory. Stir six pounds of whiting into cold water, avoiding all lumps. Steep three ounces of glue in cold water for twelve hours, then heat it until it is dissolved, and pour into the whiting while hot. The wash should be of the consistency to be applied with a whitewash brush. (Reply to ONLT.)

Brandy Snaps. Rub a quarter of a pound of butter into half a pound of flour, add half a pound of moist sugar, and half an ounce of ground ginger, make into a paste with a little treacle; spread the paste thinly on tins, and bake. When cooked cut into strips, and roll round the fingers. When quite cold, put the snaps into tins to preserve their crispness. (Reply to AN OLD READER.)

To Clean Sponges place a pennyworth of salts of lemon in a quart of boiling water, and soak the sponge in it. After an hour, rinse thoroughly in warm water; or drop the sponge into water in which a large lump of soda has been dissolved, afterwards boiling slowly; rinse in cold water, then give a sun bath until entirely dry. You should always rinse all soapy water from your sponge, then throw it into your basket, which should be hung just outside the bath-room window. (Reply to WINNIE.)

Vegetable Marrow Pickle. Take some vegetable marrows, scrape out the seeds. Cut into strips, sprinkle salt upon them and let stand for one night, then drain on a cloth. To two pounds of marrow, weighed before salting, allow one clove of garlic minced, six chillies, a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, half an ounce of turmeric, one and a half ounces of white ginger crushed small, one and a quarter ounces of flour of mustard. Boil these ingredients with one quart of vinegar; when boiling stir the vegetable into it and boil for twenty minutes. When cool put into bottles and cover with bladder. Cucumbers, cauliflowers, and other vegetables may be pickled in the same manner. (Reply to M. K. I.)

Pickled Mushrooms is a good recipe for preserving mushrooms, but must be very carefully carried out or it will not keep. Use small button mushrooms, rub them clean in a flannel moistened in vinegar, arrange in a dish, and sprinkle with a little salt, which will extract the juice. After standing twenty-four hours pour into a stew-pan; simmer very slowly for twenty minutes, then strain into a basin, throwing away the liquor. When cold set in a saucepan, cover with vinegar, add mace, ginger, pepper and salt, also cloves to taste, and stew till the mushrooms shrink to half their original size. Remove from the fire, when cold bottle and seal. Mushroom powder will also be a recipe for you; it will shortly appear in this page. (Reply to YORKSHIRE.)

Prepare Wood for Painting by applying a very thin coat of glue size and let it get quite hard before proceeding to paint.

If any Reader of this page would like to know
for headache, earache, or toothache, I will be glad to
forward them particulars as to where to obtain it if
a stamped addressed envelope is sent to me.

Make your Plate Powder of equal parts of cream of tartar, common salt and alum. Mix these ingredients thoroughly. A little of this powder, added to the water in which plate is washed gives it a shiny whiteness.

Rice Caudle is a capital child's supper in cold weather. Mix a tablespoonful of fine ground rice with a little cold water, into this pour a pint of boiling milk. Boil it for ten minutes, stirring thoroughly, add a little salt, sweeten it and flavour with grated cinnamon or nutmeg. Serve at once.

To Prevent Bad Toe-nails, the nails below the level of the end of the toe, nor ever suffer them to grow much beyond their level. If nails grow in at the sides, scrape them at the top, and cut them often, both there, and at the opposite corner. (Reply to H. E. C.)

To Make a Tasty Hash with cooked meat it is essential to make the gravy carefully, stir it while it boils thoroughly and let it get cold. When the hash is required, place the slices of meat in the cold gravy one at a time, in an enamelled pot, cover tightly, and let all heat gradually; simmer for a little while but do not let it boil.

Savoury Soufflé. Mix together a pint of bread-crumbs with a dessertspoonful of sweet herbs, a teaspoonful of grated lemon-rind, pepper and salt. Beat two eggs lightly and add a breakfast-cupful of milk. Pour this into the dry ingredients, mix all together, beat for two or three minutes. Pour into a greased pie-dish and bake for ten minutes in a quick oven.

Tomato Jam. Take tomatoes not quite ripe, the green ones are best, wipe with a cloth and take off the stems. Put into a preserving kettle, allowing half a pound of white sugar for every pound of fruit; add a little water for syrup. Slice one lemon for each two pounds of fruit and add. Boil until thoroughly done and the syrup is thick. Do not put much water at first as it may be added easily. This is an excellent preserve and tastes a little like figs. (Reply to P. MYNARD.)

Tripe Soup is liked by many people who do not generally touch tripe, and it is very nourishing. Scald and cut up into small dice half a pound of tripe, place in a sauce-pan with rather more than a quart of water, adding three onions, a carrot, and two turnips, sweet herbs tied up in a bay leaf, a few cloves, seasonings of pepper and salt. Set on the stove and boil slowly for one hour and a half. Remove the herbs from the soup, take the vegetables and chop them finely. Thicken the soup with butter and flour, boil slowly for a few minutes while stirring and serve. At the last moment scatter over grated cheese or chopped parsley.

A Durable Furniture Polish which will probably suit your purpose is made as follows: Put a quarter of a pint of turpentine, a quarter of a pint spirits of wine, and a quarter of a pint of vinegar into a bottle with one third of a pint of linseed oil. Cork tightly and shake the bottle vigorously in order to mix the various ingredients thoroughly before using. Dust the furniture carefully, remove any grease spots there may be with a flannel dipped in warm water, then pour a small quantity of polish on a piece of clean, soft, old flannel, and rub it well into the wood, and polish off at once with a clean duster. An old silk duster is the best for this purpose. If only a small quantity of the polish is used the furniture will look much better than when the mixture is put on thickly. (Reply to H. M. Boscombe.)

German Milk Bread should suit your purpose. The proportions of this are two pounds of flour, one pint of milk, three-quarters of an ounce of German yeast, a little salt. Let the flour stand for an hour or more in a warm place; make the milk bloodwarm and mix the yeast into it, stirring in flour till it makes a sort of porridge. Cover this with a cloth and let it rise near the fire. When the dough has risen and has cracks on it, work in the remainder of the flour and salt, till the hands become clean and free from the dough. Set the dough on a pastry board, strike it several times with a roller, then work up into fancy shapes, put them to rise on a baking tin, brush each over with egg and bake in a sharp oven. These can be made richer. (Reply to Mr. OXLEY.)

HOW THE DUCHESS ORGANISED THE BAZAAR.

By One who Assisted Her.

I AM not going to say whether it was the Duchess of Devonshire, or the Duchess of Bedford, or the Duchess of Portland, to whom I gave assistance in organising a big charity bazaar.

The Duchess, the vicar's wife and myself made ourselves responsible at the outset for the carrying through of the function. Many well-meaning country people wrote long letters of advice in response to our preliminary circular, but very few of them enclosed cheques. Others contented themselves by saying that they were certain the affair would be an out-and-out success so long as the charmed name of the Duchess was associated with it. Some few ladies of quite impossible ages and station wrote offering their services as stall-holders, or even as programme sellers, if there were no other vacancies.

After three committee meetings, all of which were attended by the Duchess and some of her personal friends, it was decided to engage the town hall for the occasion, and to commission a big Leeds firm to transform the largest room in it to a street in a Swiss village.

The Duchess proved to be a very excellent woman of business. She selected quite a number of costume designs with no little display of keen judgment; she decided upon the number of stalls; she allotted the various posts to those who were among the applicants; and who were suitable for the duty; she even went so far as to firmly decline the offer of a sporting and titled relative who suggested the introduction of a gambling side-show, and she wrote to the Bishop of the diocese, who was to "open the show," to say what she wished him to draw attention to in the course of his address.

When it was found that money was coming in very slowly from those who had led us to believe that we might rely upon their help in raising what the Duchess styled the "nest egg"—that is, the first £1,000, with which we were to defray the out-of-pocket expenses—her Grace drew up a special letter, as free and as forcible in expression as that of any dunning tradesman. The vicar's wife and I wrote out between forty and fifty of these letters, and the Duchess signed them, in some cases adding a postscript in her own hand. In two or three instances she wrote a letter herself and marked the envelope "private," telling us that Lady So-and-So was an idle person and only opened and read the letters addressed to her which were marked "private."

The response to this appeal was very encouraging, for we received not only the necessary £1,000 but some £400 over. With this the Duchess decided to "go in for more side-shows." She wrote to her London agent and instructed him to send her particulars of any novelty in the show line, and on receipt of his reply it was decided by the Duchess and our committee to engage a "professor" and his troupe of performing dogs, a well-known conjuror, a famous string band as well as a couple of noted vocalists.

It was found that further accommodation would be required in order to give the side-shows the room they required, and accordingly it was decided to erect a huge marquee in the rear of the town hall. The Duchess affected a little alarm on finding that the extra £100 would scarcely cover the fees of the various entertainers for the three days as well as the cost of the hire of the marquee. "It would be better if it had been £600. I must try and get Lord — to send me a cheque for £200."

She therefore sat down at the table in our committee-room and wrote a begging letter to Lord —. On completing it, her Grace read it aloud to us, and, as far as I remember, it ran somewhat as follows:

DEAR OLD BOBO, — I want \$200 by return of post, and I know you'll give it me without a question. I may as well, however, let you know that it's for a deserving clerk. You will see all about it in the newspapers. I am working hard for it, and I shall be offended if I don't receive this trifling sum to-morrow. How is the boy? Get him to Eton as soon as you can. It will do no good while he is being dragged about to different places.

P.S.—Tell me if I'm to advertise your donation. I don't want to do what is not agreeable to you.

The Duchess laughed as she read the letter to us and we laughed also. She asked us whether we thought she would get the £200, and three out of five of us thought not. The following day, however, a cheque for £250 came and our worries for the time were ended.

The Bishop opened the bazaar on the first day. The local Member of Parliament opened it on the second day, and on the third day the Duchess herself performed the ceremony. The whole affair was a huge success, and very few of those present realised how much real hard work the Duchess had gone through.

FIND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF.

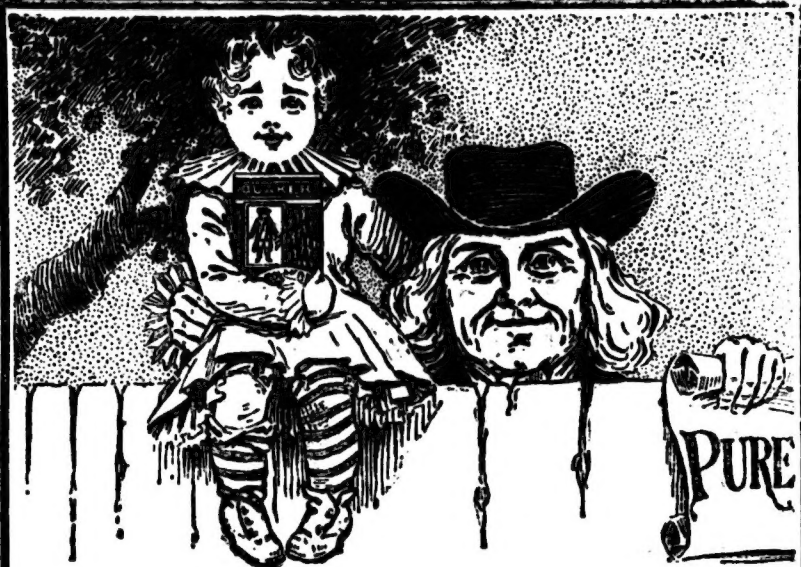
Handwriting is the truest index to your character. Your method of forming a T may betray meanness; the tail of your G may show generosity. Rancé's character delineations are generally pretty accurate. Do not send for one if you dislike plain speaking.

Address—
RANER, 22 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
Inclose six penny stamps and a stamped addressed
envelope with each specimen of handwriting.

1901. JULY.				AUGUST.				SEPTEMBER.				OCTOBER.				NOVEMBER.				DECEMBER.				1902. JAN.				FEBRUARY.			
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Unposted Postscripts.

A pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

ALTHOUGH the names of footballers are depicted in the first Great Name-Hunting Competition, lady readers must not infer that they are debarred from competing on this account. The competition has been devised specially with a view to enable everybody to enter, for it, either with or without a knowledge of football and its exponents. The names of the players depicted will be found in the daily papers every Monday morning in the reports of the football matches that have been played the previous Saturday, as well as in the various football annuals published throughout the Kingdom. Were the names depicted those of railway stations or British war-ships it would be necessary to secure some list of these names before one could enter for the competition, simply because it is almost impossible for the average person to carry in his head the names of every railway station and every British battleship. It is just the same with the football players. Ladies

Special Prize for Ladies.

must not be put off with the idea that they do not stand so good a chance as a man who knows the names of a few dozen of the chief exponents of the game. In fact, I have decided to offer a Special Prize for Ladies only in the shape of a Six-Guinea Costume. The winner will be allowed to have the costume made of any material and by anyone she likes, and send the bill in to us.

THE question of the hour is: "Is your photo in **SHORT STORIES**?" If you have not seen **SHORT STORIES** this week you don't know, and if you don't know, you will lose a crisp Five Pound Note. If you do know and tell the Editor so, then you collect a crisp Five Pound Note from him. That is the difference, you see, between knowing and not knowing. Every week "S. S." contains five portraits which have been obtained by means of special snap-shottists who have travelled all over the United Kingdom. Perhaps one of these men snap-shotted you when you were not looking. If so, your portrait will appear in "S. S.," and you will get Five Pounds if you tell the Editor that this portrait is yours. Personally I think that this scheme is quite a clever one, and I mention it here in order that should any reader of P. W. have his photograph published in "S. S." unknown to himself, he cannot blame me for not having called his attention to the scheme.

A. J. F. and A. P. are curious to know how it is that birds can alight on telegraph and electric trolley wires without sustaining any injuries. The birds touch only one of the wires on which they alight. Were they to make a simultaneous contact with two wires of different polarity, they would sustain a shock which would kill them.

AN OLD HAND has been making a record all by himself. He says that, although only twenty-two, he has been engaged thirteen times. He wants to know if anyone can beat this. Each engagement has been quite a proper one, and a ring has been presented to the temporary holder of this fickle young man's affections. But each time it has been broken off, sometimes by himself sometimes by the young lady. This is not the sort of record to be proud of, and my only wonder is that he has successfully got through such a campaign without having once been dragged into a breach of promise case.

THE tricks resorted to by readers for the purpose of securing one of those coveted pencil-cases are becoming more numerous every day. What do you think of the following? Miss P. L. is a charming Welsh girl who writes: "Can you help me? I am in awful trouble. I am to be married very soon and have received just thirteen presents, and as I am very superstitious, I am very unhappy about it. P.S.—If you wish to help me out of my trouble by adding one of your dear pencil-cases to my list of thirteen, you will make me most happy."

—It always pleases the leathery old Editorial heart to help a charming young lady—especially if she is Welsh and a reader of P.W. Hence, her fourteenth wedding present is now on the way in the shape of a "dear pencil-case."

R. T. wants me to re-answer a couple of questions which appeared quite a long time ago in P.W. in order to convince a couple of sceptical fellow-workmen, and as a part of the work of P.W. is to help people out of little difficulties like these, I repeat the questions and answers in condensed form. (1) Does the exact centre of any revolving body, such as a shaft of an engine or the centre of a fly-wheel, move? Theoretically no; because the absolute centre of such a body is a mathematical line which is "length without breadth," and of course that which hasn't any breadth can't even turn on its own axis because there is nothing to go round that axis. Practically yes; because the centre of such a shaft must be composed of metal having certain proportions however minute, and it is humanly impossible to conceive any piece of metal that has length without breadth, or in other words a centre without a circumference. (2) Does the top part of a wheel in

motion move more quickly than the bottom part? Yes, because the top of a wheel is just a little farther away from the centre of the earth than the bottom part. This, of course, doesn't amount to much, still it is well to be exact in these matters. If you had a bicycle with twenty-eight inch wheels on the Equator the top of your wheel would be more distant from the centre of the earth than the bottom by a matter of twenty-eight inches in a distance of 7926.6 miles. Wherefore, if you could drive that bicycle round the world the top of the wheel would have to travel faster than the bottom because it would pass through a greater distance in the same time.

I REALLY feel quite afraid of F. D. He wants to know the best way to remove bloodstains from clothes. I should hate to lend a helping hand to a criminal in his endeavours to escape justice, and therefore I must politely but firmly refuse to enlighten my correspondent. I do wish that correspondents would not write and ask me such horrible questions. It quite unnerves your poor old Editor at his time of life.

"I DARE SAY," writes R. B., "that many of your readers have heard about that queer annual custom at Westminster School known as 'Throwing the pancake.' The cook makes a large pancake, and on Shrove Tuesday, when all the school are assembled in the great hall, throws it over the beam. When it drops, all the boys have to scramble for it, and he who manages to secure the lion's share is presented with a guinea by the head master."—This custom is pretty well known, but there are a number of other school customs even more curious. I therefore offer a solid silver pencil-case to the sender of the best description of any similar custom prevalent in our large public schools. All competitors must mark their envelopes "Customs," and send in their attempts not later than Tuesday, October 15th.

J. M. sends me some information about the manner in which the plumes from the wings of moths and butterflies may be transferred to paper. He says: "The insect should be placed in a cyanide killing bottle, and the wings should afterwards be carefully removed with a pair of scissors. Then take a piece of paper, fold it in half and apply liquid gum tragacanth to the right half of the fold. Lay the wings gently on the gum with a pair of pliers, and put some more gum on the opposite side of the paper. After folding this over, press gently for a few minutes. Then remove the wings, when the plumes will be found fixed to the gum. In this way, one is enabled to keep a collection of the covers of butterfly wings in books."

COLLECTOR writes: "I read your article on 'Linguist Ticket Collectors' with interest. I am a collector myself and have seen remarkable meetings between friends who had not seen one another for years, as well as serious quarrels between husbands and wives based on jealousy and love, but the most remarkable meeting in all my experience between a long separated couple took place here not many weeks ago. I was directing a German at the barrier when a grey-haired old lady, also a German, came up to ask me a question. Both being of the same nationality the gentleman raised his hat to the lady, and then he opened his eyes wide; the lady stared at him. They called out each other's name, and then an affecting scene followed. They had not met or seen each other for over thirty years and had been lovers in their young days."

G. Mc. B. is under the impression that a large amount of time is wasted in the following fashion: When one is reading a paragraph and comes to the end of a line it is frequently a difficult matter—especially if the line is a long one—to pick out at a glance the line which follows the natural sequence. With short-sighted people this tendency to go off the line is very marked. He therefore suggests that little solid black squares should be placed alternately down each side of the column so that a person may know exactly where the next line begins. This paragraph has been set up according to G. Mc. B.'s idea in order that readers may fully appreciate the brilliancy of his invention. This sort of thing would be unquestionably valuable in the case of a very long line, but it really is not necessary in a column only three inches wide—like this one for example.

HUCK FINN writes from Manchester in regard to the paragraph in P.W. which showed that the audience in a theatre was largely affected by the movements of the actors on the stage—for example, if the villain frowned, half the people in the audience would unconsciously frown also. My correspondent points out that the same sort of thing happens at big football matches. Certain enthusiasts, not content with yelling themselves hoarse over their favourite team, play every kick of the game with their own foot. This is rather unpleasant for the man behind, for these gentry never notice that at each kick they are kicking his shins with their heels. Occasionally one has noticed, during exciting episodes, whole groups of people standing on one leg, while with the other they make precisely the same kick as the player himself. After the match it is quite a common thing to see holes in the ground which have been kicked up by the spectators in this manner.

I HAVE received a letter from a high official at St. Helena who is responsible for perusing most of the letters sent by the Boer prisoners, and he has sent me a list of the various ways in which these men spell their places of residence, for example: Dead Wood Camp is spelt in no fewer than fifty-three different ways varying from Dert Wit to Dethoet, while they can find twenty-five ways of spelling Broad Bottom Camp, from Broethotam to Brad Bad Dam. February is spelt in fifty-seven different ways, some of them preferring Ver Bernarrei to Fewerwarey. I only hope that the recipients of these letters are able to make out the address and date.

It appears that Japan (being one of the most wide-awake nations) has realised the enormous advantages to be derived from the FRESH AIR FUND, and the JIJU SHIMPO, one of the chief papers of Tokyo, has started a Fresh Air Fund which it calls a "Charity Picnic." The idea of the scheme is based on *Pearson's Weekly FRESH AIR FUND*. It takes all the poor little boys and girls between the ages of nine and fourteen and gives them an outing at Kamakura. One curious fact in connection with the scheme is that out of the many thousands of poor children in Tokyo only fifty-five responded to the first invitation, the explanation given being that they could not understand why anyone should do such a kindly act, and that they thought it was a game put up to steal the little girls. However, as time goes on no doubt they will realise that no such wicked idea has entered the head of the kindly Editor of the JIJU SHIMPO, and that what he is doing is for their benefit. We wish him every success.

MR. J. G. GILBEED having sent to this office a further cheque for £4 1s. on behalf of the New Zealand firemen, we were enabled to take another hundred children to the Forest on September 18th last, this being the Firemen's second day.

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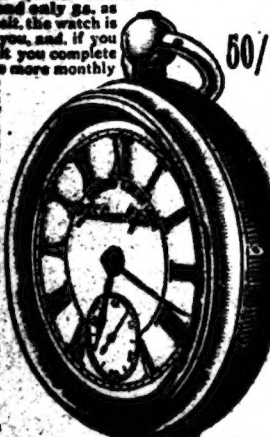
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This offer is only made to bona-fide HOUSEHOLDERS.

THE ONLY ADDRESS: **W. E. WATTS, WHOLESALE DEPOT, Nottingham.** Founded 1854. 108-109 Derby Road.

PETER'S MILK-CHOCOLATE.

PETER'S MILK-CHOCOLATE is made of the finest Swiss Milk and Chocolate. Guaranteed Absolutely Pure. PETER'S MILK-CHOCOLATE is highly smooth, and is the leading chocolate of the day. Avoid imitations. It is sold in 1/2 lb. packets, and 1 lb. and 2 lb. tins. Sold by all Confectioners, and by **W. E. WATTS & CO. LTD.,** Wholesalers, London. **PETER'S Breakfast Milk-Chocolate** is also available.

DEVONSHIRE CREAM.

(Specially prepared). In patent air-tight tins. 4lb. 1/4; 1lb. 5/6; 2lb. 4/-, including tin and postage. **Mrs. COFFMAN, Marchant St., Devon.**

ENGAGEMENT RINGS, ETC.

Young People desiring going into a SHOP to choose an Engagement or Wedding Ring.

RINGS from 10/- to £50 are shown in MASTERS' New CATALOGUE. See for it (free). You and the Young Lady can then select the Ring you like best & have it sent you by Registered Post to any part of the world.

PRIVATELY.

MASTERS' JEWELLERS, RYE, Sussex.

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Never softens nor drips. Everlasting, clean and economical. Write for Illustrated Book and name of nearest Agent to **D. ANDERSON AND SON LTD.,** Lagan Felt Works, Belfast.

NO ANNUAL TARRING.

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TRENCH'S REMEDY.

Over 1000 Testimonials received during 1899, as certified by an eminent firm of Chartered Accountants. **DON'T FAIL** to send for pamphlet, containing full particulars, Auditor's Certificate and Testimonials post free on application to **TRENCH'S REMEDIES LTD.,** 33 South Frederick Street, DUBLIN.

AN ASTONISHING OFFER!

THIS WATCH WILL COST YOU NO MONEY—a Genuine Leever, Warranted. Keyless, Non-Magnetic, Dust and Damp Proof.

THIS OFFER MEANS JUST WHAT IT SAYS. We will do as we promise. We are determined to increase the circulation of our charming, wholesome, interesting, literary, pictorial and musical publication **POPULAR HOME JOURNAL**, which now boasts of a circulation of over 15,000 copies per issue. We know that by introducing specimens copies people take interest, and are afterwards glad to take in our periodical regularly. We have, therefore, devised a great genuine legal advertising scheme. We have bought 5,000 reliable keyless, non-magnetic, dust and damp proof watches, equal in appearance and utility to many watches that have been sold at £5 to £20, yet we will not sell one of our Leever Watches at any price, but will give one to you absolutely free, under warranty. Still further, we shall pay a sum of £25 for picking out the 6 misspelled words in this advertisement. Perhaps it may seem easy, yet try it, as it may prove to be difficult. To encourage you we mention that the first incorrectly spelled word is in the heading, which should be properly spelled Leever. Now try and find the others. They are well concealed, yet you can find them by study. The sum of £25 will be paid to the person who discovers all in the shortest time after reading this advertisement. Also £25 will be paid among all the others who are able to detect the misspelled words within 1 hour after reading this advertisement. Therefore, if you are clever, you are certain of winning £25 or in the other offer. Or, if desired, we will give a genuine elegant rosewood or walnut case, German piano, delivered free to your home, instead of the £25 in bank notes. Winner's choice. We are determined to satisfy all. Try to win, and not one penny will be required from you for entry to the competition. We merely ask you to write out the misspelled words, if you can find them, also inform us how long you were occupied in finding them after reading this advertisement. Then, and send your answer to us. If you are entitled to £25 in Bank of England notes, or to participation in the £25 distribution, you will only be required to take in 15 issues of **THE POPULAR HOME JOURNAL**, which will come to you by post, and we will send you free, the excellent warranted Leever watch, as illustrated, and described.

CASH AWARDS

To prove that we really pay as advertised, you may write to Mr. W. Coulton, 11th Marchmont St., Northampton, who will tell you that we paid the £25 Cash award, and we will pay you by less than an hour's work if you may write to Mr. J. J. Hunt, Superintendent, County Police Office, Northampton, who will tell you that we paid the £25 Cash award, and if you send us a misspelled word in this advertisement, within an hour, we will send you a Cash Prize of £25 in the watch.



TWENTY-FIVE SOVEREIGNS FOR SLIGHT TROUBLE

THE POPULAR HOME JOURNAL is a large 16 page publication, each issue of which contains a great amount of interesting, amusing and instructive matter. Among the special features are popular songs, and music. We also offer competitions in which our readers may participate and secure a prize. We also special features for children or mothers, and in fact, we may say that as its name implies, it is a **POPULAR HOME JOURNAL**, when once introduced, is indeed a popular visitor to the home circle. We shall also pay the £25 offer as promised. You can gain a Watch whether you are young or whether you be male or female. This offer is open to everybody until December 7th, 1901. You have worked out your answer, send to us in an ordinary letter, promptly, stating the time in finding the misspelled words. No money is demanded with your answer. Merely inclose 2 penny for specimen Journal, postage, etc., when you write us.

POPULAR HOME JOURNAL, 4, GRAY'S INN ROAD LONDON, W.C.

GREAT OFFERS

You need send no money with your answer, but if you are awarded a Watch, and a Cash Prize of £25 or in the other £25 offer, or choice of a high-grade Piano, etc., you need not take in 15 issues of **THE POPULAR HOME JOURNAL**, which alone are well worth the small amount of money that you pay. We honestly put this offer forth as the greatest opportunity that has been offered for years, and as to our reliability we can refer you to a legion of well satisfied Cash Prize winners, also many thousands who have gained our Wonderful Watches and are carrying these beautiful and correct time-keepers.

A GENUINE OFFER OF WATCHES AND MONEY

FREE TO ALL

WE TRUST YOU. SEND NO MONEY. Simply send a letter or postcard, and say you will either sell our Jewellery or return it to us. On receiving your order we will at once post you the Jewellery. When sold send us the Cash and we will send you either of these valuable presents by return. A written guarantee accompanies each WATCH or CLOCK.

FREE. For selling 7 Articles at 1s. 6d. each. **THIS WILL APPEAL TO THIRTY THOUSANDS.** Should you already have a Gold Watch or Marble Clock, you need only sell 7 Articles to gain absolutely free our wonderful Parcel of Cutlery (consisting of 14 pieces in all) guaranteed best Sheffield make or our Ladies' or Gent's Solid Gold Watch Chain and Pendant.

FREE. We make you a present of either a LADY'S or GENT'S SOLID GOLD-CASED HUNTING LEVER BALANCE WATCH or this MARVELOUS CLOCK for selling 3 Articles at 1s. 6d. each. **FREE.** For selling 3 Articles at 1s. 6d. each. Our Solid 9-carat Gold Ring set with real Oriental Diamonds.



Send us your FULLEST POSSIBLE ADDRESS, as goods and watches are frequently returned to us through the post, marked "Can't be found." Our own full address is **The "ENGLISH LEVER WATCH CO." 55, BATH STREET, GLASGOW.**

SHERLOCK HOLMES

AND THE

MISSING BOX

(With Apologies to Dr. A. Conan Doyle.)

Yes, it had gone! where and how no one could fathom. Evidently the only thing to be done was to call in my friend Sherlock Holmes, whose marvellous detective feats and miraculous deductions in tracing the perpetrators of mysterious crimes had startled the entire civilised world, and set the wondering twiddling their thumbs while discussing his extraordinary ingenuity.

The box itself was not of much intrinsic value, but its contents were absolutely priceless. I had carelessly neglected to secure it in the safe, and left it lying on my dressing-table—I was confident of this. The servants were closely questioned—I did not care to search their boxes at this stage. They all indignantly protested absolute ignorance of its whereabouts; my wife repudiated all knowledge of it. In my dilemma I wired as follows:

TO {	<i>Holmes, Baker Street W.</i>			
	<i>Come immediately in</i>	<i>great distress</i>		
	<i>box</i>	<i>and valuable</i>	<i>contents missing</i>	
	<i>no</i>	<i>clue</i>		
FROM {	<i>Watson</i>			

Within a very short period I recognised his characteristic ring at the door.

"Ah! Watson," he said, as he rushed into the sitting-room, "you were at a banquet last night and stayed till very late, failed to obtain a cab and walked home in the rain along the Strand without an umbrella, smoking a Posener clay which you had the misfortune to break. How do I know? Nothing so simple; I saw your silk hat in the hall as I came in bearing unmistakable signs of a recent wetting. If you had taken a cab or had an umbrella it would have been in its usual glossy condition; your boots are covered with tar and cement—the Strand is being relaid. I recognised fragments of your pipe and favourite mixture, Latakia and navy cut, lying on the step. I knew you had a dozen "Poseners" specially made for you of a peculiar shape, and I see on the table a menu card of last night's masonic banquet: a man with half an eye can see you have a severe bilious attack in consequence of the rich food you partook of. Now about the box."

"Well," said I laughingly, "you have unwittingly mentioned the very reason that makes me so anxious to find it. I only paid 1s. 1d. for it and contents—the latter are certainly worth a guinea. To me at the present moment they are simply invaluable and indispensable; the chemist is closed, and if I don't find this box of Beecham's Pills to-night I shall—with this beastly bilious attack on me—be quite incapacitated for work to-morrow."

"There," said Holmes quietly, "have some of mine. I always carry them with me, and to the head clearing qualities I owe much of my success—in fact it is part of my SYSTEM to use them in my SYSTEM."